

Ten Million Hannah Kroekers

by

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EXT. KROEKER HOUSE - NIGHT

An idyllic -- if small -- cape house on a quiet street.

MADDY (O.S.)
What is taking you so long?!

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

MADDY KROEKER, 10, pigtails falling apart, thunders upstairs.

MADDY
The tacos are practically ready!

Maddy skids to a stop in front of the door at the far end of the hall. It's closed and adorned with a flowery sign: "HANNAH'S ROOM." She sighs dramatically.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Hannah. Come on. I'm so hungry. You know tacos are my favorite.

A steely look in her eyes, she places a hand on the door knob.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Coming in...!

She heaves open the door, waits a moment. Steps inside.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MADDY (CONT'D)
...Hannah?

Maddy walks to the room's center and spins in small circles, surveying, but it's entirely empty.

She halts at her sister's closet and approaches it. She nudges the door open with her pointer finger.

It swings open. Maddy gasps. Shrieks.

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

OLIVIA WESTBERG, 18, subtle spitfire tucked beneath an unassuming ponytail, hovers over her little brother as he does homework. DAVID WESTBERG, 9, has a flair for the dramatic.

Their father, JOHN WESTBERG, 52, good-looking but pot-bellied, fries dinner on the stove.

DAVID
I can't do this! It's impossible!

OLIVIA
Dave, I promise you, long division
is not worth this existential
crisis.

Dave drops his head to the table with a loud wail. Olivia pats his back.

JOHN
If it helps, long division stops
being relevant once they start
letting you use a calculator,
kiddo.

OLIVIA
Dad, don't be a d--

DAVID
That doesn't help at all.

JOHN
You were just going to call your
father the d-word, weren't you?

OLIVIA
(all innocent)
Dude?

John narrows his eyes. Olivia shrugs and grins. David mimes stabbing his hand with his pencil. Olivia snatches it away with him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Too close to the jugular!

DAVID
The jugular vein is in the neck.

OLIVIA
If you know that, you can do long
division.

JOHN
Oh, Liv, I forgot to tell you, you
got an envelope from UMaine. Mostly
housing stuff.

OLIVIA
Which you know because you opened
it already?

JOHN
(sheepishly)
I left it on your desk upstairs.

John's cell phone rings. He checks to see who's calling and
tenses up. He answers with his free hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, uh, right now isn't a great
time--

OLIVIA
(to David)
Let's try going back to the
beginning. You start with two
numbers, like, say, two and six..

JOHN
(into phone)
--what?!

DAVID
But how do you pick which number
goes where?

JOHN
(into phone)
Oh, my God. Fuck.

Olivia catches her father's swear and raises an
eyebrow. She watches John as David, oblivious, lets out
another anguished sigh.

OLIVIA
Try to figure it out yourself for
the next five minutes, okay?

John's so engrossed in his conversation that he's stopped
jerking the frying pan altogether.

JOHN
(into phone)
Yeah, I can't -- oh, God. Thanks
for calling.
(hushed)
I'll talk to you soon, okay?

John hangs up and snaps his phone shut. He stares at it in his hand. Dazed, he doesn't realize his concoction is burning.

OLIVIA
Dad, the stove -- !

JOHN
Oh, shit!

John's phone clatters to the floor as he frantically shuts the burner off. He crouches to the floor to grab it and turns to his children nervously as he stands back up.

He and Olivia lock eyes for a moment, but just as he's about to speak her phone buzzes in her pocket and she pulls it out. She cocks an eyebrow.

OLIVIA
Why is Shannon Darzi texting me...?

Olivia flips it open and reads the text message:

"Just heard about Hannah. This might be weird, but you need to talk, I'm here."

Her eyebrows furrow as she types a reply.

JOHN
(on edge)
What -- what was that?

OLIVIA
Shannon says she heard about
Hannah...? Heard what?

John tenses up and clears his throat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What was up with the phone call,
Dad?

John coughs, staving off the inevitable. Olivia's phone buzzes again. She flips it open:

"I'm not sure, but Facebook is full of RIP statuses...? I'm freaking out."

Olivia's jaw drops.

OLIVIA
What the hell?!

JOHN
Liv, sweetheart --

Olivia ignores her father and dives into her backpack for her laptop.

DAVID
I think I give up, Liv.

Olivia opens up Facebook and skims her newsfeed. It's cluttered with exactly she feared: "RIP Hannah Kroeker <3" and "I wish it didn't have to be this way, HMK" and "Watch over us, Hannah, miss you."

As Olivia scrolls through, all color drains from her face.

Olivia finally breaks her gaze from the computer screen and looks to her father, eyes brimming with tears. He nods sadly.

OLIVIA
W-what?

In a flash, John has his arms around his daughter. She sobs.

EXT. KROEKER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chaos has descended: the front yard is now sectioned off with caution tape and the street is lined with police cars. A small -- but steadily growing -- crowd has gathered around the perimeter.

An OVERWEIGHT MOM approaches, slippers slapping against the asphalt. She taps the shoulder of SOMEONE'S CRANKY GRANDMA.

OVERWEIGHT MOM
What's happened?

CRANKY GRANDMA
(under her breath)
The Kroeker girl's gone and hung herself.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SAMUEL KROEKER, 41, impossibly nice and weirdly hot dad, talks to TWO POLICE OFFICERS. THOMAS KROEKER, 16, skinny and bitter about it, sits on the couch, remote in his hand, mindlessly flipping channels. Maddy is curled up on the floor next to the coffee table.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Your daughter, Hannah. Why would
she do this? Who was she?

SAMUEL
We have no idea. We never could
have -- she's a wonderful girl.
She...

His voice catches.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
-- was? Was a wonderful girl.
Valedictorian of her class.
Graduating in a week. College in
the fall...

One of the cops nods and scribbles something in his
notebook.

VALERIE KROEKER, 39, pretty face puffy with tears, bursts
into the room buried beneath a high stack of pillows.

Thomas watches in confusion as Valerie tosses the pillows
into a small circle in the center of the room.

VALERIE
Thomas, get off the couch!

THOMAS
What the fuck?

VALERIE
We're sitting shiva for your
sister. And don't use that word!

SAMUEL
Val, you're barely Jewish.

VALERIE
My daughter is dead.

Samuel blushes and shoots a sheepish look at the two
officers. They barely react.

SAMUEL
Do you even know *how* to sit --
whatever it's called, shiva?

Valerie gestures to the circle of cushions.

VALERIE
First, Thomas has to get off the
couch.

THOMAS
Mom, what are you doing?

VALERIE
Thomas Michael Kroeker, I swear to
God, if you don't get off that
couch by the time I --

Thomas jerks himself up and voices his dissent by dropping
the remote onto the coffee table with a loud clatter. He
stalks over and drops dejectedly onto the floor.

VALERIE
Maddy, you too. Please.

Maddy wordlessly rolls herself over to the pillows. She
lands half on top of a pillow and, finding this good enough,
remains stationary.

Valerie takes a wide step, directly over Maddy, and
approaches the police.

The phone rings. Thomas looks to it, but doesn't move.

Maddy slowly unfurls her body and stands up. She walks to
the phone, peers at the caller ID, and cradles it to her
ear.

MADDY
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Olivia sits on the stairwell, drenched in tears, phone to
her ear.

OLIVIA
(into phone)
Maddy?

INTERCUT KROEKER LIVING ROOM AND WESTBERG STAIRWELL - NIGHT

MADDY
Hi, Olivia?

OLIVIA
What -- what happened?

Maddy surveys her living room. Her mother's voice grows louder and louder. Her brother sits cross-legged, mouth a tight line.

MADDY
I found Hannah hanging from a rope
in her closet.

Olivia gasps. Cries harder.

OLIVIA
Oh my God. Oh my God.

MADDY
There are a bunch of cops here, and
my mom's making us sit on the
floor.

Olivia's shoulders shake.

Maddy twirls her fingers in circles on the table.

OLIVIA
When did you find -- when did you
find her?

MADDY
Right before dinner.

She shoots a longing glance at the kitchen.

MADDY (CONT'D)
We were going to have tacos.
They're all burned now.

OLIVIA
She had -- she had band, and then a
shift, she was picking it up for
Patch -- she couldn't have been
home for that long...

MADDY
She always went straight up to her
room.

OLIVIA
Was there -- did she leave --
something? A note?

MADDY
Her room looks the same.

OLIVIA
Oh, my God.

Olivia pauses, tears welling.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
What was she wearing?

MADDY
What?

OLIVIA
You found her. Don't you remember?

MADDY
(incredulous)
I wasn't looking at her clothes.

Olivia nods. Accepts this.

MADDY (CONT'D)
I have to go sit on a couch
cushion.

OLIVIA
Oh -- oh -- of course. Yeah.

Olivia mops away some of her tears with her sleeve.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Talk to you later, Maddy.

MADDY
Yeah. Bye.

Maddy hangs up. Valerie pushes past her to get to the linen closet and produces a wrinkled set of navy sheets.

VALERIE
We have to cover the mirrors with
black.

THOMAS
Those sheets are blue.

VALERIE
It's all we have. Who buys black
sheets?!

She throws a sheet into the air in hopes it will catch on the mirror's top corners and stay there. It doesn't, and lands in a heap on top of the mantle.

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Olivia sobs on the couch. Her father tentatively approaches her.

JOHN

Do you want something to eat?

OLIVIA

I -- I have to go. I'll be back soon.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Olivia sprints across the parking lot, sobbing.

She races up the front steps and jerks open the door, but it's locked. She stares at for a moment, wipes her face with her sleeve. Takes off.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Olivia approaches a smaller, forgotten back door. It opens easily.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olivia races through a dark, deserted hallway.

OLIVIA

Four-eighty-two-something-shit what was it?

Olivia skids to a stop in front of a locker.

She hurriedly enters the first two numbers of the combination into the lock. Kicks the locker in frustration.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Five...? Five!

She spins to the final number and gasps as the locker unlocks and opens. The locker is painstakingly organized, but Olivia wastes no time in ripping its contents apart.

She tosses books, notebooks, and assorted debris to the floor until the locker is empty. She sighs and crouches down to dig through it again.

She plucks out a crumpled piece of notebook paper. She unfurls it.

HANNAH (V.O.)
 "Liv -- You were right, I've been
 weird lately. I need to talk and
 you're the only one who'll listen."

Olivia leans in to read the note again, mouthing along to every word. She furrows her brow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Olivia and HANNAH KROEKER, whose shiny hair and prim cardigan coming together to create your mother's wet dream of a 17-year-old, tumble out the front door and down the steps.

HANNAH
 It's just that I've managed to not
 be late to Euro yet, and --

OLIVIA
 Oh, fuck Euro. Samuelson and her
 weird garden gnome are *not* what
 today is about!

Olivia grabs Hannah's wrist and drags her across the parking lot.

HANNAH
 So today's about assault?

OLIVIA
 Oh, okay. Calm down.

They reach Olivia's car: there's some haphazard streamers strung across it. Olivia gestures towards them excitedly. Hannah raises an eyebrow.

Olivia looks at the car and realizes something is missing. She pokes around the perimeter.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Dammit, I think the sign fell
 off... Here it is!

She bends down, picks up a sheet of paper, and slaps it onto the rear window. It's a sheet of computer paper with "MY OTHER CAR IS A VALEDICTORIAN" scribbled on it in purple marker.

Hannah rolls her eyes as she smiles.

HANNAH
 They only announced it this morning.

OLIVIA
 Hit up the art room after third period. Altman loves me.

HANNAH
 And the streamers?

OLIVIA
 Still in my trunk from homecoming.

Hannah grins.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 You've been dreaming of making valedictorian since birth. What sort of best friend would I be if I didn't force you into celebrating?

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

The two drive as they gorge on McDonald's.

OLIVIA
 See? You survived. God doesn't strike you down with a lightning bolt for skipping one class.

Hannah forces an easy-going chuckle. Olivia's too busy cramming french fries into her mouth to really notice.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 And I figured I owed you this much, anyway. We haven't really hung out in forever.

Hannah shifts and fidgets.

HANNAH
Yeah... You would think they'd stop
assigning so much homework second
semester senior year, but
apparently not.

OLIVIA
(shrugging)
Eh, hasn't been that bad for me.

Olivia pulls into the Whipple High parking lot. One final
handful of fries as she side-eyes Hannah, who cannot take
her eyes off the school.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
You okay, dude?

HANNAH
What? Oh, yeah. Just trying to come
up with a speech... Already.

OLIVIA
Five hours after you found out?
That's my girl.
(after some thought)
Use it as a way to tell Austin to
fuck off in front of everyone he's
ever cared about.

HANNAH
Oh God, I wish.

Olivia flashes an ironic peace sign as she pulls into a
parking spot.

OLIVIA
(biddie voice)
Best years of our lives! XOXO!

Hannah snorts into her milkshake.

HANNAH
I don't think I have it in me to
perpetuate such a massive lie.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olivia shoves the note into her pocket. She unceremoniously dumps the rest of Hannah's crap back into her locker.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A car pulls past a cheesy "WHIPPLE WHALERS" sign into the high school parking lot. It's littered with the usual morning clutter: teenagers chatting and sucking down iced coffees as they head to class.

The car weaves amongst the crowds and backs up into an empty spot.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia pulls the key from the ignition and briefly surveys the scene through her front window. The normal routine is clearly a bit skewed -- those crossing the asphalt do so somberly. A few more theatrical folk sob into their friends' shoulders.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Olivia climbs out of her car and pulls her backpack on.

A few cars away, PATCH O'CONNELL, 18, every inch the iconic American jock, pulls a gym bag out of his trunk and slings a baseball cap on backwards over his brown, shaggy hair. He looks up, spots Olivia, and tenses up.

JOSH OLDERMAN, 18, the poor man's Patch, approaches.

JOSH

Dude, I can't believe that bitch
actually killed herself!

Eyes wide, Patch jerks his head towards Olivia.

PATCH

Dude, she can totally hear --

Olivia, who totally heard, passes. She narrows her eyes at the boys, who stare back at her stupidly.

PATCH (CONT'D)

Yo, Austin texted me, he's not
coming to school today. Grab his
homework if you have any classes
with him.

Patch whacks Josh in the head.

PATCH (CONT'D)

Idiot.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - LOBBY - DAY

High school is a loud, obnoxious, chaotic mess -- but today more so than usual, with the varying stages of grief on full display.

Olivia enters and plunges into the crowd. Catches snippets of conversations, all centered on the same thing...

BRIANNA ACKERMAN, 16, stands at her locker.

BRIANNA

Her family was so weird, I'm not even surprised. I'd want out, too.

FIONA GEE, 17, clad in all black, sits slumped against a locker with some similarly-dressed friends.

FIONA

She sat next to me in calc! Our arms practically, like, touched every day for a year, and now she's dead!

She sobs into her black hoodie as Olivia averts her gaze. She quickens her pace and passes QUENTIN WOOD, 15. Gamer.

QUENTIN

Do you think they'll just cancel finals if we all act sad enough?

Olivia smears away some tears and walks by a the memorial already forming at Hannah's locker -- flowers, a Valentine's Day "BE MINE" teddy bear, assorted grainy computer print-out pictures.

She veers down another hallway and stops in front of her locker. She mindlessly twirls in her combination. One locker over, SHANNON DARZI, 17, far too well put-together for high school and fully aware of it, freezes.

Olivia wipes away some more tears as she pulls a book out of her locker. Shannon eyes her warily. Olivia doesn't notice. Shannon slams her locker closed and turns to face Olivia, books a shield against her chest.

SHANNON
This blows.

OLIVIA
Yeah.

The two girls stare at each other for a moment.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Thanks for texting me. Or else I
would have found out from Facebook.

Shannon loosens up -- slightly.

SHANNON
Because we're in a fucking George
Orwell novel now, apparently.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - DAY

Olivia sits in front of Shannon. She squeezes her eyes shut
as the PA system crackles and we hear the voice of ALBERT
LAMB, 67, principal.

MR. LAMB (O.S.)
We may never make sense of this
terrible tragedy, but now is a time
for reflection and grieving. We
have grief counselors available for
anyone who needs to talk, and of
course my door is open to any and
all of you. Thank you.

The PA system clicks off. Stunned silence. The teacher, MRS.
FREEDMAN, 50s, kindly and unequipped to deal with this, puts
a hand over her heart.

A girl in heavy makeup up front -- SARAH MCKINLEY, 18 --
raises her hand. When called upon, she twists around to face
Olivia.

SARAH
Why'd she do it?

OLIVIA
What?

SARAH
Don't you know why?

OLIVIA
As if I'd tell you.

Sarah purses her lips.

SARAH
You have no idea, do you?

MRS. FREEDMAN
That was completely out of line!

Sarah turns back to the front and shrugs.

SARAH
Someone was going to ask
eventually...

MRS. FREEDMAN
And you figured it just had to be
you?

Loud, long silence. Olivia looks to Shannon, who stares at her desk.

Olivia grabs her backpack and stands up. She walks out of the room without a word.

EXT. KROEKER HOUSE -- DAY

Olivia approaches the Kroeker's front door. Jabs the doorbell a few times with her thumb. Rocks back and forth on her heels.

Samuel opens the door -- surprised to see Olivia, but grateful for a new face. He offers her a small smile.

OLIVIA
Hi, Mr. Kroeker. Sorry if I'm
interrupting anything...

SAMUEL
No, no, come on in. It's good to
see you.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Kroekers remain exactly as we left them: seated on a circle of cushions on the floor. Someone's miraculously managed to get the navy sheets to hang semi-neatly over the mirrors.

Hardly what Olivia expected, but she gamely goes along with it.

OLIVIA
Hello...?

Valerie rushes forward and wraps Olivia in a tight hug. Her crazed smile clashes with her tear-streaked face.

VALERIE
Olivia, my goodness, hello. I'm glad you came, sweetheart.

As Olivia pulls away, Valerie grabs her face and plants a kiss on her forehead. Tears continually stream down Valerie's cheeks.

Olivia eyes the sheets on the mirrors skeptically.

SAMUEL
Val has us grieving in an -- unconventional way.

VALERIE
We're sitting shiva for Hannah, dear.

OLIVIA
Oh?

VALERIE
It's a Jewish ritual to ease the grieving process when a loved one dies.

Olivia raises her eyebrows. Thomas sighs loudly.

THOMAS
You're not forgetting anything. We're not Jewish. We have never been Jewish.

Valerie puts a hand to her forehead and takes a deep breath.

VALERIE
I was raised half.

THOMAS
Which explains why we're doing it wrong, I guess. You don't sit around on the floor until *after* the deceased has been buried. It's like I'm the only one in this family who bothered to Google "shiva" at all.

VALERIE
(begging)
Thomas, please...

Without a word, Thomas gets up and leaves the room. Valerie finally wipes the tears from her eyes.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
He just really -- really misses --

Valerie chokes back a sob. Samuel hugs her. Olivia has no choice but to watch. After a long moment, Valerie pulls away and turns to Olivia.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Olivia, dear, would you like to stay for dinner?

OLIVIA
Um...?

SAMUEL
Val, it's eleven o'clock in the morning.

VALERIE
So I'm not allowed to invite anyone over for dinner before noon?

SAMUEL
I just meant that --

OLIVIA
Do you, uh. Know. Why?

She forces herself to look Hannah's parents in the eye.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Why she did it.

SAMUEL
If anyone saw this coming, it's -- news to us.

Suddenly, Maddy snaps to attention.

MADDY
Come upstairs with me! I need your help.

Maddy grabs Olivia's hand and drags her to the stairs. Valerie and Samuel carry on their conversation in harsh, frantic whispers.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Maddy emerges from the stairwell, Olivia at her heels.

Maddy halts at a door down the hall from Hannah's room. She looks up at it and thinks better of her impulse, turning back towards Olivia.

MADDY
Can you knock, please?

OLIVIA
What do you want with your brother?

Olivia shrugs and complies. A few seconds of silence before Thomas pulls open his door. Scowling.

THOMAS
Yeah?

MADDY
Just checking.

THOMAS
Checking what?

MADDY
That you're still there.

Realization dawns on Thomas's face -- what happened the last time Maddy attempted to fetch a sibling from their room. He softens, slightly.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Can you help me with something?

Thomas furrows his eyebrows and looks to Olivia for clarification. She shrugs.

THOMAS
Help with what?

MADDY
I want to talk to Hannah.

Maddy darts down the hall. Olivia looks to Thomas in alarm. He shrugs.

THOMAS
Fuck if I know.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - MADDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Typical eight-year-old girl fare: pink, fluffy, lots of bows.

Maddy holds out a ouija board to Olivia and Thomas. Thomas does a poor job suppressing a dark chuckle.

THOMAS
Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus Christ.
(cocks his head)
Can I say that, now that I'm a Jew?

MADDY
I think we need to be in Hannah's room for it to work.

Olivia's eyes widen. Her eyes light up, a little. She nods.

THOMAS OLIVIA
Maddy, we can't -- Okay. I'm in.

THOMAS
What? You're in?

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Olivia pulls Thomas aside outside Hannah's room.

OLIVIA
Her diary. Where is it?

THOMAS
What?

OLIVIA
Hannah's diary.

THOMAS
What do you want with it?

OLIVIA
There was something up with Hannah. She never had the chance to tell me, and if I didn't know, next best option is the diary.

THOMAS
Don't know where it is. Sorry.

Olivia raises a skeptical eyebrow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The family, plus Olivia, eats dinner. Thomas and Hannah are in the middle of a massive brawl; the others aren't really phased. Olivia absentmindedly scans through her phone on her lap beneath the table.

THOMAS

Yeah, because I'll take your stupid diary from its stupid hiding place and put all the highlights on Facebook.

HANNAH

You don't know where it is!

THOMAS

(completely stone-faced)

I haven't bothered to read it in a few weeks because you're boring, but I'm sure Austin would love reading your thoughts on that time you two drove to Mackney Cove and..

Hannah's eyes widen in alarm.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Thomas narrows his eyes.

THOMAS

I was bluffing.

OLIVIA

Were you, though?

THOMAS

I'm an excellent liar.

They stand and glare at each other for a minute.

OLIVIA

You know, I don't even need you. There's only so many places to put a diary.

THOMAS
Godspeed.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Exactly as Hannah left it, save for the eight-year-old and her Ouija board splayed out in the middle of the carpet.

Maddy dumps the content of the box onto the floor. Thomas plops down in front of her. Olivia lingers by the door, eyes wide.

THOMAS
Alright, let's get this over with,
kiddo.

Maddy places the planchette on the board. Thomas cranes his neck towards Olivia.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Nothing's going to happen if you
stay out there.

Olivia sighs, takes a deep breath, and steps into the room. Thomas and Maddy watch as she makes a blatant beeline for Hannah's desk. She rips open a drawer and tentatively digs around.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(snorting)
The desk? Really?

Olivia sighs angrily and slams the drawer shut. She scans the room and marches towards the nightstand.

MADDY
What are you doing?

Olivia looks up from a stack of books on the floor.

OLIVIA
Just, uh -- nothing. Let's get this
over with.

Olivia sits down in front of the ouija board. Maddy coughs and dramatically places a hand on the planchette.

MADDY
Put a hand on the wooden thing and
close your eyes.
(they do)
Hi, Hannah.

Olivia's eyes shoot open in alarm. She looks to Thomas, eyes also open, who shrugs helplessly.

OLIVIA
Hello...

THOMAS
Uh. Hey.

MADDY
You were really sad, Hannah. What
made you that sad?

Olivia gulps. The planchette creeps along the board. Olivia slowly removes her hand. She gets up and begins a painstakingly silent crawl back towards Hannah's bed.

She sweeps her hand under it and produces a stray ballet flat and some crumpled paper. She unfurls it and hurriedly reads it as Thomas halts the planchette.

Maddy gasps and leans forward.

MADDY
It's... X?

Her breathing grows rapid as tears spill onto her cheeks.

Olivia, momentarily forgotten, stuffs the ballet flat back under the bed.

MADDY
You were pushing it.

THOMAS
(softly)
We both were. That's how it works.

MADDY
It was supposed to be Hannah!

Thomas grabs the box and points to the label.

THOMAS
It's made by Hasbro. It's a toy.
Hannah doesn't care --

With a primal scream, Maddy wrenches the box from Thomas's hands and flings it at the ground. She flees. Thomas sits and stares at the ground for a moment.

OLIVIA
Well. Good.

THOMAS
You find that diary yet?

OLIVIA
You aren't even a little curious?

THOMAS
No.

OLIVIA
And you don't think that's a little weird?

Thomas stands up.

THOMAS
No, I don't. I know why she did it.
Olivia stands up, too.

OLIVIA
Wh--

THOMAS
She did it because she was a selfish asshole.

OLIVIA
Are you kidding?

THOMAS
She was annoyed at something stupid, and hanging herself in her closet had the perfect pinch of romance. That's it.

OLIVIA
That's not it. That can't be it.

THOMAS
(indignant)
My life sucks, but I'm not going to go and fucking hang myself. It's a giant fuck you to everyone who's ever cared about you. That's all.

OLIVIA
No. No. There was something wrong with her! Seriously wrong! And if she was so scared that the diary was the only place she could say it--

THOMAS

You want to see the diary? Fine.
There won't be anything in it.

Thomas flings open the door to Hannah's closet. Olivia gasps and squeezes her eyes shut as he forces his way inside. He digs around for a moment.

He comes back out, slams the door shut behind him, and practically flings a flowered notebook at Olivia. It hits the wall behind her with a crack. She bends down to pick it up.

She looks tearfully to Thomas, eyes narrowed.

OLIVIA

Maybe Hannah was a bitch, but at
least people actually cared enough
about her to miss her.

The door slams shut behind her.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia flings herself into the front seat and slams the door shut behind her. She practically claws the diary open and flips frantically to the final pages.

She scans it quickly, eyes wide. Her eyes fly to the date of the final entry: March 8th, 2012. Her shoulders sag as she closes her eyes and leans her head back on the seat.

OLIVIA

(quietly)
It's the wrong one.

She lets the book slip to the ground and slams her fist into the horn. It honks.

She sighs, forehead against the wheel, and feels around by her feet until she has the diary again.

She flips it open towards the end.

HANNAH (V.O.)

"Operation: Acquire Condoms was
exactly as awkward as I expected it
to be. Ran into Josh's mom and the
old librarian, whatever her name
was, and had to keep ducking into
random aisles like a serial killer.
(anguished)

HANNAH (V.O.)
 Not that it even mattered! Because
 Austin is still the only fucking
 teenage boy in the world who
 refuses to have sex. I don't think
 I can take this very much longer."

Olivia furrows her brow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Olivia's sprawled out on Hannah's floor. Hannah's on the
 bed, her head hanging off the edge.

HANNAH
 He had a condom in his wallet, and
 was all, like, sheepish as he
 pulled it out, because he didn't
 want me to think that he, like,
 expected it, you know?

OLIVIA
 (still processing)
 Sex.

HANNAH
 Yeah.

OLIVIA
 So you...did it. The... sex.
 (off Hannah's nod)
 Was it...fun?

HANNAH
 Yeah. It wasn't bad at all! Or
 maybe Austin and I are just, you
 know. Good at it.

OLIVIA
 (laughing)
 Oh, ew.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Steely determination in her eyes, Olivia turns the key into the ignition.

EXT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Diary clutched to her chest, Olivia hurriedly presses the doorbell once, twice. Three times.

Upon second thought, she shoves the diary into her backpack. She zips it up just as AUSTIN BERKOWITZ, 18, opens the door. He's a cute jock who looks more exhausted than normal today --mess of curly black hair matted against a sweaty forehead, with dark circles under his eyes.

He cocks his head at Olivia and stares at her for a moment.

AUSTIN
Olivia...?

JOEY (O.S.)
Austin where did you go we're in
the middle of the game and you
promised you'd --

JOEY BERKOWITZ, 4, a smaller, twitchier version of Austin, flings himself at his brother's legs.

AUSTIN
Whoa, whoa, dude, chill. Can we
pause the game for the smallest of
seconds?

JOEY
(dead serious)
Are you trying to scam me?

AUSTIN
(matching his tone)
Yes.

The two brothers stare for a second. Until Joey takes off into the house.

JOEY (O.S.)
I get a cookie for waiting!

AUSTIN
Fair enough!
(to Olivia)
Want to... come in?

Off Olivia's nod --

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He leads her inside. It's a tacky mess of mismatched furniture and ugly knick knacks.

He coughs sheepishly. Olivia searches for something to say.

OLIVIA
Nice house.

AUSTIN
Not really.

OLIVIA
Yeah. How'd you find out?

AUSTIN
Facebook...
(whispers the swear)
...fuck me.

OLIVIA
Yeah.

AUSTIN
Couldn't cut it in school?

OLIVIA
Made it halfway through homeroom.

AUSTIN
Yeah. Didn't bother. Too weird.
But, of course, mom would only let
me stay home if I babysat my --

JOEY (O.S.)
Not! A! Baby!

AUSTIN
(bellowing back)
Childsat! Four-and-a-half-
year-old-sat!
(to Olivia)
-- Joey. So. Here I am.

EXT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Austin and Olivia sit perched on creaky swings as Joey flings himself around the backyard. Mostly yelling nonsense.

OLIVIA
Did you tell him yet?

AUSTIN
No way. Never will, if I can get away with it.

OLIVIA
My nine-year-old brother was there when we found out, so my dad and I had to tell him something.

AUSTIN
(grimacing)
...She's on vacation?

OLIVIA
She was very sick. Or whatever. We were hazy on details.

AUSTIN
How'd he take it?

OLIVIA
Not well. Just like the rest of us.

AUSTIN
Yeah.

A long pause. Joey does a back flip.

OLIVIA
So I'm assuming you have no idea why she did it.

AUSTIN
(snorting)
I didn't know why she ate Rice Krispies for breakfast.

Olivia kicks her backpack and steels herself.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Everyone's going to think it was me, anyway. You allegedly dump a girl and a month later...? It's an easy line to draw.

OLIVIA
Allegedly?

AUSTIN
Goddamn, I thought she'd have at least told you.
(Olivia shakes her head)
I didn't dump her. I never wanted to break up. She dumped me, and then told the whole world I did it.

Olivia stops swinging as she processes this.

OLIVIA
Why didn't you tell people she was lying?

AUSTIN
It mattered more to her. And I'm an idiot. And... I don't know. It all seems really dumb now. Probably because it was.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Olivia sits on the front steps of the school, hunched over Hannah's diary. She watches as a minivan pulls up in front of the school, and stands up when she realizes it's the Kroekers.

INT./EXT. KROEKER CAR - DAY

Valerie eyes Thomas nervously as he gets out.

VALERIE
If you need anything, or feel like you can't handle --

Thomas hurls the door behind him and crosses over towards school. Valerie hurriedly lowers her window.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
-- don't hesitate to call. We can pick up you. Whenever!

THOMAS
I'll be fine, thanks --

Thomas slams directly into an oncoming Josh. Both men down. Backpacks fly everywhere.

From the car, Valerie gasps loudly as Thomas gathers up his remaining shreds of dignity. Olivia watches from her perch on the steps. Josh leaps up, ready for a fight. At 8AM.

JOSH
Is it really that hard to -- oh.
Uh.

Josh grimaces. He wasn't expecting this.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Sorry about your sister, dude.

THOMAS
Thanks. Bro.

Josh hurries away as Olivia tentatively draws closer.

VALERIE
Thomas, you okay, honey?

THOMAS
Fine. I'm fine!

Thomas's escape is blocked by an approaching Olivia. Valerie waves a little frantically.

VALERIE
Olivia! Hi, dear!

OLIVIA
Hi, Val...

VALERIE
Did your father tell you we moved
the funeral up to tomorrow?

OLIVIA
Yeah, he did.

VALERIE
(forced cheery smile)
Figured it was best to just get it
over with.

THOMAS
Jewish ritual dictates burial
within 48 hours.
(under his breath)
Not like you care.

Awkward pause. They all heard Thomas, but no one wants to go there.

OLIVIA
Well. I'll be there.

VALERIE
See you soon, my dear.

She drives off. Olivia practically lunges at Thomas, waving the diary around like a madwoman.

OLIVIA
It's the wrong one!

THOMAS
What?

OLIVIA
The wrong diary! This one ends in March. She had to have started another. That's the one we need.

THOMAS
We?

OLIVIA
Really.

Thomas stalks off up the steps. Olivia follows him into --

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Olivia catches up, much to Thomas's annoyance.

THOMAS
That's all the intel I had. I don't know where she stockpiled the rest of them.

OLIVIA
It won't--

THOMAS
Why don't you just read that one? And shut up?

LIAM (O.S.)
Thomas!

LIAM MORCEAU, 15, a mousy nerd trying desperately to hide it beneath an ill-fitting leather jacket, skids to a halt in front of Thomas. Eyes wide.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You're here! I didn't expect -- oh, God. I should have called. Oh, shit, I should have called. I just thought you'd want, like, space --

THOMAS

Don't worry about it. I probably wouldn't have picked up.

LIAM

I'm still the worst best friend of all time!

(sees Olivia)

Oh, uh, hi, Olivia. Sorry. This sucks.

OLIVIA

Comforting.

THOMAS

Well. Later.

Thomas takes off, dragging Liam behind him.

OLIVIA

Are you kidding?

THOMAS

Read it, Nancy Drew. Then you'll understand!

Olivia rolls her eyes and veers down a different hallway. She slows down as she passes the kids crowded around a makeshift memorial at Hannah's locker. Pictures, flowers, and a large sheet of paper, three lockers wide, coated with song lyrics and messages.

Olivia squints as she reads the scribbles:

"Because I knew you, I have been changed for good."

"TOO PERFECT FOR THIS WORLD HMK 5/31/12."

"Only the good die young <3 <3"

Olivia doesn't bother to hide her disgust.

A DOOFY FRESHMAN, 14, lurches towards the locker directly to the right of Hannah's. He gingerly grabs the lock and clicks in his combination.

He tries to pull open the door open without ripping the paper taped across it, but quickly realizes that's not a possibility. Olivia smirks.

Doofy Freshman shoots a frantic look back as HIS FRIEND, losing the same noble battle against acne scars, steps forward and grabs his arm.

DOOFY FRESHMAN'S FRIEND
What are you doing?

DOOFY FRESHMAN
(dejectedly)
I'll get detention if I forget my algebra book again.

DOOFY FRESHMAN'S FRIEND
Do you really want to be the kid
who wrecked the dead girl's
memorial for the rest of your life?

Olivia shakes her head. She forces his way through the crowd until he's directly in front of the display. She reaches over the freshman's head and rips the paper in half. Loudly.

OLIVIA
There. Get your math book.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Olivia's engrossed in the diary as kids slowly file into the classroom.

HANNAH (V.O.)
"Giant fight with Austin this morning. He started it. I think? I can't even tell anymore."

Austin walks in. He sees Olivia and plops down in the seat next to her, smiling. She smiles back as she quickly shoves the diary into her backpack.

AUSTIN
Yo.

OLIVIA
You made it to school today!
A-plus.

AUSTIN
Joey had to find some other poor soul to play tag with him for four hours in a row.

OLIVIA
Four hours? That's weak. You should
have seen my six-hour Tour de
Twister in 2008.

They're smiling at each other, but the moment's broken when Patch and Josh burst in. Olivia and Austin react like they've been caught doing something wrong. Patch and Josh tumble into the seats around them.

JOSH
Party tomorrow at Patch's house,
post-funeral.

PATCH
Dude -- !

Patch jerks his head at Olivia. She raises her eyebrows. Looks questioningly to Austin. He forces a smile.

AUSTIN
Never been a better time to black
out, right?

Olivia's eyes widen in alarm.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Olivia and Hannah walk down the hallway. They pass Austin, Patch, and Josh. Austin and Hannah smile shyly at each other.

Olivia side-eyes Hannah. Hannah notices.

HANNAH
Oh, come on.

OLIVIA
Toads.

HANNAH
Austin is not like the other toads.
(off Olivia's raised eyebrow)
Playing a sport doesn't make him
evil. This isn't The Breakfast
Club.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Patch turns to Olivia.

PATCH
You can, uh, come, too, if you
want, Olivia. Bring whoever.

Olivia's smile is half a grimace.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

A table in the corner. Olivia's alone, lunched splayed out
around her, hunched over Hannah's diary.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Shannon is an evil bitch who's
constantly trying to undermine me.
I hate her. I hate her. I hate her.

Olivia stares at the page in front of her, eyes wide.

She looks up right as watches Shannon enter the cafeteria
and get in line for food. She tosses the diary into her bag,
hurriedly gathers up her lunch, and scurries over to take
place behind her.

OLIVIA
What, uh, is it, today?

Shannon eyes Olivia's bag lunch.

SHANNON
You doing two courses?

OLIVIA
Grabbed my brother's lunch by
accident.
(pulls face)
...Salami.

SHANNON
Dark.

OLIVIA
Yep.

The line shuffles forward.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH - HOMEROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

At their desks, Olivia, Shannon, and Hannah are all on high alert, listening intently to the announcements.

LAMB (O.S.)
After four years of hard work...
Hannah Kroeker is officially the
valedictorian of the class of 2012.

OLIVIA
Yes! Called it!

Olivia punches the air as Hannah breaks out into a huge grin. Scattered applause. Shannon sags.

LAMB (O.S.)
...And Shannon Darzi will be the
salutatorian. Congratulations to
you both.

Shannon's smile is so fake as she turns to Hannah. The two share a tense glance.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Shannon and Olivia clutch trays as they move along past the food. Shannon contemplates a salad. Olivia takes a bite out of her sandwich from home.

SHANNON
I thought you didn't want that.

OLIVIA
Did you like Hannah?

SHANNON
What?

OLIVIA
Like, actually like her.

SHANNON
We were friends.

OLIVIA
That's barely even relevant.

SHANNON
Did you like her?

OLIVIA
Yes!

SHANNON
Then what does it matter, what
anyone else thinks?

OLIVIA
...so you didn't.

SHANNON
I never said that!

OLIVIA
She beat you out for valedictorian.
That must have sucked.

SHANNON
She had like, a point-oh-oh-three
GPA lead over me.

OLIVIA
And you were bitter about it! Which
is fully understandable--

With a tight smile, Shannon hands a CASHIER a fistful bills.

SHANNON
I liked Hannah, okay?! But she only
liked me when she was in the lead.

Shannon quickly exits, leaving Olivia, her empty tray, and
the cashier.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Olivia sits in a stall, on the toilet, pants up. Nose in the
diary, hall pass slung around her wrist.

HANNAH (V.O.)
"I can't tell Olivia this. She'd
react like she always does:
panicking. She overreacts and makes
things way more complicated than
they ever need to be."

Olivia scoffs and rolls her eyes.

HANNAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 "Maybe I've been more annoyed with her than usual lately for a reason? Like we're only best friends by default? Sometimes I wonder if it's just because we've been standing next to each other for ten years, you know?"

Eyes wide, Olivia lets the book fall onto her lap.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Olivia stands at her locker.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Olivia?

She closes it and spins around and makes eye contact with a sallow man in a ratty blazer: MICHAEL DAVIES, 29, grief-counselor-for-hire.

OLIVIA
 Yeah.

MICHAEL
 ...Hannah Kroeker's best friend?

OLIVIA
 Yeah.

He holds out his hand. His smile calculated in its somberness.

MICHAEL
 Michael Davies. I'm here to support the Whipple Student body in this terrible, terrible time.

OLIVIA
 How'd you know who I was?

MICHAEL
 The administration pointed you out to me as someone who was close to Hannah.

Olivia forces a smile.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 The school will be hosting a memorial for her on Monday.

OLIVIA
That's...fast.

MICHAEL
We wanted to gauge your interest about potentially giving a speech during the ceremony. As Hannah's best friend. It'd mean a lot.

Olivia stares at him. And stares. And stares.

OLIVIA
...Fine.

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Olivia walks with John and David. Arms crossed, mouth a tight line, bright spot amongst the mourners in black: she's wearing a lavender sundress.

INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY

The entire church is overstuffed with people. They're packed in so tightly it's standing-room only towards the back. The Westbergs sit in a pew a few rows from the front.

A hush falls over the room as the Kroekers enter from a side chamber and take their seat in the front row. They're followed by the priest, FATHER CUNNINGHAM, 67, a typically adorable old man. He reaches the pulpit and sighs.

FATHER CUNNINGHAM
I've overseen plenty of funerals in my lifetime, but nothing will ever seem usual or routine about a terrible day like today.

Valerie sobs. Loudly, unabashedly.

FATHER CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)
Psalm 34 states, "The Lord is close to the broken-hearted...."

Sitting towards the front between his PARENTS, Austin closes his eyes.

FATHER CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)
"...he rescues those whose spirits are crushed."

Olivia's expression remains stoic as she grabs for David's hand. She clutches it tightly.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The entire graveyard is engulfed with mourners, crowded around Hannah's plot.

John's arm is around Olivia, who has an arm around David, as the coffin is lowered. Valerie sobs.

The Kroekers step forward to toss handfuls of dirt onto the coffin. Thomas's expression is blank. Maddy's a mess of tears and snot. Valerie looks towards Olivia and, with a small, sad smile, nods. Beckoning her forward.

Olivia hesitantly steps away from the masses and kneels down to grab a clump. Her face is blank as she holds her hand out over the grave, opens her palm, and lets the dirt fall.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Kroeker family stand at the center of the tightly-packed reception. A line of mourners snakes past them as people quietly pay their respects. The Westbergs shuffle along towards them.

JOHN

Dave, remember to just say you're sorry.

DAVID

It's not going to make it better.

JOHN

Got to say it anyways.

DAVID

(tugging at his collar)
This is stupid.

OLIVIA

Yep.

The Westbergs reach the Kroekers. They all stare at each other for a moment.

Valerie breaks the silence and wraps Olivia in a huge hug.

VALERIE

It was lovely that you wore purple,
dear.

OLIVIA
Her favorite...

VALERIE
It was. And so were you.

Olivia nods as Valerie's gaze wanders over to John. A pause that goes on a little too long.

VALERIE	JOHN
You should be so proud of her.	I'm so sorry, Val.

Thomas grunts.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Austin's by himself on a couch in a corner when Olivia approaches.

OLIVIA
Try the casserole?

AUSTIN
No.

OLIVIA
Good. Don't. It's terrible.

AUSTIN
I like the dress.

He sticks a hand into his pants--

OLIVIA
Um?

--and pulls up the waistband of his boxers: a deep purple.

AUSTIN
All I had. She bought these for me, actually. Said purple underwear made you feel regal or something.

OLIVIA
What?

AUSTIN
Yeah, I don't know. I wore them and, like, failed a math test. So.

OLIVIA
Kings don't need calculus.

AUSTIN
Just... purple boxers. That are
weirdly scratchy. If we're going to
be real right now.

OLIVIA
What stopped you from having sex
with Hannah?

Austin looks to Olivia in alarm, eyes wide, mouth agape. But
before he can say anything, Thomas plops down on the
armrest.

THOMAS
Kid couch. Sweet.

OLIVIA
What?

THOMAS
All the minors retreat into a
corner to avoid small talk with old
people.

Liam bursts forth from a crowd of moms. Thomas points.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Hark!

LIAM
Hey, guys. Nice day for
a...funeral? Goddammit.

He sits down. Thomas leans towards Olivia.

THOMAS
Find anything good in the book I
leant you, Olivia?

OLIVIA
Fuck off.

Patch and Shannon join them.

PATCH
We're getting so wasted tonight, I
swear to God.

LIAM
Wasted?

PATCH
(duh)
...drunk?

THOMAS
He knows what it means. We all know
what it means.

SHANNON
Party at Patch's! All welcome!
(forced smile at Liam)
Even...you. Friend.

Liam's eyes bug out. He leans back and pokes Thomas, fighting back a huge grin. Thomas rolls his eyes -- *seriously?* -- at him.

Patch shooks a capital-L Look at Shannon, who shrugs helplessly.

Olivia and Austin are still too busy not looking at each other to notice the real human drama happening around them.

AUSTIN
Uh, gonna get some of that
casserole. Starving.

Austin stands up and flees. Olivia leaps up almost immediately.

INT. PATCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Teenagers cluster around a half-empty 30-rack of terrible beer. A crowd -- including Olivia and Thomas -- has formed around Patch and Liam as they chug beers in unison.

Patch finishes first. He slams the can down and burps triumphantly.

PATCH
Yes! Did it!

BRIANNA
I think it's supposed to be harder
than that...

Thomas watches as Liam struggles to finish. He leans towards Olivia.

THOMAS
Twenty bucks on him puking within
the hour.

OLIVIA
Hopefully on you!

THOMAS
Clever.

SHANNON
Calm down, pleeb! I'm here to save
the day!

Shannon enters and drops her backpack onto the counter with
a large thunk. She pulls a handle of cheap vodka out of it.
She might as well have just given birth, right there.

PATCH
Who'd you maim to get your hands on
that, Darzi?

SHANNON
My brother's home from college and
feeling sorry for me. Anyone have a
shot glass?

Clearly not. Olivia opens up a cabinet, pulls out an egg
cup.

OLIVIA
This kind of counts, right?

Shannon shrugs, grabs it, and measures out a few
egg-cup-shots into glasses. They're quickly snatched up.
Everyone looks at each other, waiting.

PATCH
Shouldn't someone...say something?

GEORGIA
How about you, Olivia?

OLIVIA
Uh?

SHANNON
There's not a lot to celebr--

RANDOM GOON
To Hannah!

SHANNON

--okay.

A few half-hearted cheers as everyone downs their drinks. They cough and sputter, but pretend not to.

Olivia grabs the handle and pours herself some more. She gulps it down and grimaces.

OLIVIA

Literally, how do alcoholics exist.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You know, if you put Coke in it, it's less gross.

OLIVIA

Aha. Have you seen Austin?

INT. PATCH'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Josh, a little unhinged, leans against the wall. Austin stands close, purposefully blocking him from everyone else's view.

AUSTIN

You've got to be kidding me, dude.

JOSH

I'm not. I'm totally not.

AUSTIN

What made you think this would be a good idea?

JOSH

You don't understand.

AUSTIN

Where do you even get shrooms in Whipple?! The least exciting place in the world?

JOSH

I think -- I think I was meant to take them. She wanted me to!

AUSTIN

(flatly)

Hannah. Hannah wanted to you to take hallucinogens and freak everyone out.

JOSH
She's speaking to me!

INT. PATCH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liam burps and drops his beer can. Thomas pats him on the back.

THOMAS
This everything you ever dreamed it
would be?

LIAM
Is it lame if I say kind of?

THOMAS
Mostly.

Austin enters. He smiles at Thomas.

AUSTIN
Hey, dude. Good to see you.

THOMAS
You, too.

AUSTIN
Shit was rough today.

THOMAS
Yeah.

AUSTIN
(re: the alcohol)
Take whatever you want.

THOMAS
Oh, I'm driving.

AUSTIN
That's cool. That's really cool.

THOMAS
You're Jewish, right?

AUSTIN
No. Berkowitz is French.
(blank stare)
I'm Jewish, yeah.

THOMAS
We're sitting shiva for her.

AUSTIN
What?

THOMAS
I don't know, it was my mom's idea.

AUSTIN
Huh. But you're not...

THOMAS
Exactly.

Josh barges in between Thomas and Austin, pulling himself up to sit on the counter. He stares at them, a weird grin on his face.

JOSH
Hannah says hi.

Austin tenses up. Thomas raises his eyebrows. He looks to Austin, who rolls his eyes. Thomas clinks his cup against Josh's forehead.

THOMAS
Sure. Good.

Olivia stumbles in and steadies herself on the counter. She grabs for the vodka, now half-empty, and pours a hefty dose into her cup.

She locks eyes with Austin. He tries to make a run for it, but she intercepts him at the door.

OLIVIA
It was a valid question. The one
that I asked.

Austin shakes his head and walks away.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

1. Olivia sits on the couch next to a BUTCH GIRL.

BUTCH GIRL
And I just, like, I walk by the
water fountain on the second floor
every day and can't help but think
of her, because she drank out of it
sometimes, and it's like, so
hard...

Olivia awkwardly pats Butch Girl on the back as she tears up. Takes a gulp of her drink.

2. Olivia leans against a doorway. She talks to a TALL KID.

TALL KID
Do you think I'll be promoted to
valedictorian, now? Maybe that
would get me off the Georgetown
wait list!

Olivia takes another large sip.

3. Olivia leans against the wall next to a CREEPY DUDE.

CREEPY DUDE
I always thought she was really
hot.
(off Olivia's disgust)
What?

Olivia chugs.

4. Olivia stands across from a MOUSY GIRL in the dining room.

MOUSY GIRL
This is going to sound terrible,
but I actually lent Hannah my copy
of "One Hundred Years of Solitude"
last month? And... I'm not really
sure how to get it back?

Olivia polishes off her drink. Stares blankly.

MOUSY GIRL (CONT'D)
I just, I might be doing a paper on
it for AP Lit, so...

LIAM (O.S.)
Olivia!

Olivia whirls around. Liam stands at the end of the dining room table, now set up for beer pong.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Want to be my partner?

Olivia approaches Liam. She sways.

OLIVIA
Yes. Yes. Please!

END MONTAGE.

INT. PATCH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Most of the party has gathered to watch the game. Judging by the number of cups left, Olivia and Liam are losing pretty heavily. Olivia squints and squats as she takes her position to throw.

LIAM

You've got this. You can do it!

She takes a deep breath and tosses the ping pong ball with all the subtlety of a lumberjack. It bounces off the table and careens into the hallway. Olivia and Liam descend into hysterics.

OLIVIA

Someone get that, please!

After a moment, Josh glides in, ping pong ball clutched in his fist.

JOSH

Hannah found it!

The room turns to him, gaping.

JOSH (CONT'D)

...it was in the hall.

SHANNON

Um. Okay?

JOSH

(to Olivia)

She's rooting for you guys. Well, duh. She's your best friend.'

OLIVIA

What the shit?!

Austin sidesteps towards Olivia.

AUSTIN

(under his breath)

He, uh...

JOSH

She misses all of us very much! She wanted me to say that first.

AUSTIN
...thinks he's, uh. Talking to
Hannah? He's tripping on shrooms.

OLIVIA
That doesn't make any sense!

AUSTIN
I didn't notice.

OLIVIA
(loudly)
Why don't you ask her where her
copy of 100 Years of Solitude is?

Olivia snorts and shoots a glare at the mousy girl, who
smiles nervously.

GEORGIA
This isn't happening.

LIAM
Hey, guys, who wants to finish the
game?

Josh jerks a chair away from the wall and clambers on top of
it. Grandly addresses his audience.

JOSH
She didn't -- she didn't want it to
have to be this way!

AUSTIN
What the fuck, man?!

BRIANNA
Shut up, you tool.

JOSH
That's what I'm supposed to tell
you.

SHANNON
Josh, can you just, like, go home?
Please?

The crowd swarms towards Josh as Patch pushes his way
towards the front.

PATCH
Hannah is dead, dude, and this
isn't cool.

With a sharp, sudden wail, Josh shakes his head and drops to a sitting position, knees curled up beneath his chin.

JOSH
You think I wanted this?

OLIVIA
Three seconds away from kneeing him
in the balls.

AUSTIN
Wouldn't stop you.

PATCH
Dude?

JOSH
I didn't even like her! I didn't
even fucking like her, and she's
haunting me!

Soul-crushing silence. The room is paralyzed -- except for Olivia. Her cup clatters to the ground as she flees.

Austin looks frantically to Shannon, who grimaces as she nods. They hurry after her.

Those who remain look to Thomas, terrified to speak. He, once again, shrugs. Affably as he can manage.

THOMAS
...she was kind of a bitch.

EXT. PATCH'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Shannon leads Olivia to a patio table on the edge of the porch, overlooking the yard. They sit down just as Austin rushes out, sloshing water everywhere.

He plops down next to Olivia and slides a cup towards her.

OLIVIA
I don't need any more...

AUSTIN
It's water. Drink up, champ.

Olivia takes a sip, coughs a little. Lets her head drop to the table, cradled in her arms. Shannon places a hand on her shoulder and raises an eyebrow at Austin.

AUSTIN
Hey, who knew sticking a bunch of
sad teenagers in a room with a lot
of alcohol would end this badly?

OLIVIA
It feels like a competition.

SHANNON
What?

OLIVIA
Like we're all trying to be the
saddest.

AUSTIN
Gold medal for grieving.

SHANNON
Give it to Bri Ackerman. She's,
like, so upset.

Patch pokes his head out of the back door.

PATCH
Darzi, I think someone vommed on
your coat!

SHANNON
Are you serious?! Goddammit.

OLIVIA
Go get 'em, tiger.

Shannon heads back inside. Olivia sits up and groans.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
This is not fun at all.

AUSTIN
What? Being drunk?
(off her nod)
I think the entire world disagrees
with you.

OLIVIA
The world sucks.

AUSTIN
Fair enough.

OLIVIA

I read Hannah's diary. That's how I knew. It was stupid, because now I'm seeing everyone the way she saw them.

AUSTIN

I wouldn't touch that thing with an eighty-foot pole.

OLIVIA

I just wanted to know why.

AUSTIN

Did it say?

OLIVIA

It finished in March. There's another one. So I still don't fucking know.

(drops her head)

Anything. Ever.

Austin reaches for the cup Shannon left behind. He chugs what's left, shudders, and turns back to Olivia.

AUSTIN

I wasn't ready.

OLIVIA

What?

AUSTIN

To have sex with Hannah. That's it. I'm not gay. I'm not an asshole. That's all.

OLIVIA

Hannah didn't like not getting what she wanted. She wanted you.

AUSTIN

I wasn't ready.

They stare at each other for a moment too long, when -- Austin leans in and plants his mouth on Olivia's.

Shocked at first, she soon pulls him closer as they continue to make out. A little sloppy, a little reckless.

They get into it -- a mess of limbs and hair and self-consciousness.

With a loud gasp, Olivia pries her lips from Austin's and shoves him away.

OLIVIA
Wait, what?

AUSTIN
I -- I -- uh --

OLIVIA
Incest! This is incest!

AUSTIN
What?! No, it's not!

OLIVIA
I -- I can't --

Olivia leaps up and flees. Austin groans.

INT. PATCH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olivia pushes her way through the party, which has mostly returned to normal. She passes Josh, curled up in the corner of the room. Fast asleep.

Her gaze lands on Thomas in the doorway with Liam. She narrows her eyes and stumbles over.

OLIVIA
This is your fault.

THOMAS
Nice to see you, too?

OLIVIA
Why did you tell me to read that diary? Why did you give it to me?

THOMAS
You wanted it.

OLIVIA
Not that one. You knew what it said.

THOMAS
You deserved to know the truth about her.

OLIVIA
It's not the truth! It ruined her!

THOMAS
She ruined herself! By sucking!

OLIVIA
I went to my best friend's funeral today, and I was so angry at her I couldn't even cry.

THOMAS
Now you get it!

OLIVIA
You wanted me to hate her, too.
Like you do. Now who's the selfish asshole, you selfish--

Olivia halts, bug-eyed, and claps a hand over her mouth. Gags and doubles over, vomiting directly on Thomas's feet.

INT. THOMAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Thomas drives a pissed-off Olivia. Liam snores softly in the backseat.

THOMAS
It's pretty ironic that the only person at the party sober enough to drive you home was the one whose shoes you puked all over.

Olivia narrows her eyes, crosses her arms, and puts her forehead on the window.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm just saying, I'm probably a pretty good person for doing this. Maybe not so much of a selfish asshole.

He pulls up in front of her house. A lamp is still on in the living room. Olivia tears off her seatbelt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Why's there a light on in your house? It's 2AM.

OLIVIA
Dad probably left one on for me.

THOMAS
I'm walking you to the door.

OLIVIA
Please, just let chivalry die.

THOMAS
You're drunk. You might fall into a bush.
(off her sassy look)
If you weren't fighting me on this, you'd already be asleep.

She grumbles as she gets out of the car. He parks and jumps out after her.

EXT. WESTBERG HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

They walk awkwardly up the path.

She pulls her keys and sticks them into her door. Thomas watches her expectantly.

OLIVIA
I've got it from here, thanks.

THOMAS
Do you, though?

She sighs angrily and opens the door. Thomas follows her inside--

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John and Valerie sit together on the couch, leaning in close, his hand on her knee. Somber, intense faces illuminated by the lamplight.

They leap apart as Thomas and Olivia enter. Olivia's face is a question mark -- she doesn't understand. Thomas, however, knows exactly what's up.

THOMAS
I knew it! I fucking knew it!

OLIVIA
W-what?

THOMAS
Motherfucker, I can't believe this.
Does Dad even know where you are right now?!

JOHN

Olivia -- it's not -- this isn't --

THOMAS

Oh, please. Have the dignity to not lie to your daughter's face.

OLIVIA

What's going on? Dad?

VALERIE

Thomas, what are you talking about?

THOMAS

You think we wouldn't find out? I saw. Hannah and I both did. We knew!

VALERIE

Knew --

OLIVIA

Knew what?

THOMAS

Those two. Screwing.

VALERIE

Thomas!

THOMAS

It's been going on for months.

JOHN

That's not true. Olivia, it's not--

OLIVIA

What? No. No.

VALERIE

It only happened once! One time!
And it was a mistake!

THOMAS

Then why are you here at two in the morning with the lights off?

VALERIE

(tears spilling over)
He's still my best friend.

THOMAS
That's pathetic.

OLIVIA
Get out. Get out. Get out.
Everyone. All of you. Both of you.

VALERIE
Please--

OLIVIA
Go.

THOMAS
See you at home, mom.

Valerie shoots a final look at John before making a hasty retreat. Thomas follows her, but Olivia grabs his arm.

OLIVIA
When?

THOMAS
December.

OLIVIA
You and Hannah both saw?

THOMAS
She wouldn't let me tell anyone.

OLIVIA
She didn't even tell me.

Thomas's face softens, for the first time.

THOMAS
Hannah's image was more important
to her than the truth. Or any of
us.

Thomas leaves. As the door shuts, Olivia looks back to her father. He's at a loss.

JOHN
I'm -- I'm so sorry.

OLIVIA
Don't even.

JOHN
You were never supposed to find out
about this.

OLIVIA
Oh, that makes me feel better.

She heads into the kitchen. John follows her.

JOHN
You have to let me explain--

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Olivia has her head buried in the fridge.

OLIVIA
I don't have to do anything,
actually.

JOHN
It was -- a moment of weakness. For
both of us.

OLIVIA
Ew!

JOHN
We had no intention of --

OLIVIA
Honestly? Dad. Shut up.

Olivia slams the fridge shut, opens up the freezer, and
pulls out a hot pocket.

She jams the hot pocket in the microwave.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
All I want to know is which one of
the ten million Hannah Kroekers
killed herself. But nobody has any
idea. Least of all her best fucking
friend.

INT. WESTBERG'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

John's driving, Olivia next to him, face buried beneath dark
sunglasses. David's in the backseat. Tense. To say the
least.

JOHN
I just think that--

OLIVIA

Nope.

She flops against the window.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - LOBBY - DAY

Overstuffed with the entire town, clad in dark colors and speaking in hushed tones. A large banner hangs across the far wall: "WHIPPLE HIGH REMEMBERS HANNAH KROEKER."

The high school's acappella group stands in the center of the room. They sing "Goodbye to You" by Michelle Branch.

The Westbergs enter. Olivia's shameless in her sloppy attire. Still with the sunglasses.

Josh taps her on the shoulder. Olivia spins around to face him.

JOSH

Listen, I'm really... sorry about last night. It was a really bad trip, and I never should have trusted my cousin --

John clears his throat.

JOSH (CONT'D)

-- to, uh, take me. On that trip. To...

OLIVIA

(tight-lipped)

Sure. Thanks.

Josh leaves. John raises an eyebrow at Olivia. She shrugs, and looks to the buffet at the other end of the room.

OLIVIA

Oh, good god. There are snacks. There. Are. Snacks.

JOHN

We could very easily just -- go.

OLIVIA

(sharply, under her breath)

No. Fuck these people. They're not winning this. I'm getting a scone.

Olivia runs into Shannon at the buffet table.

SHANNON

Good to see you made it 'till morning. You were quite the... spectacle last night.

OLIVIA

Yeah. Sorry...

SHANNON

Happens to the best of us. But are you -- okay?

OLIVIA

What do you think?

Shannon shrugs. Olivia looks down the buffet and spots Maddy studying the spread with great intensity. Behind her, Samuel holds a paper plate laden with snacks.

MADDY

That chocolate-y one looks okay.

SAMUEL

Throw it in. Let's get all we can out of this ridiculous day.

Olivia tenses up as she searches the room for the family's other half. Valerie and Thomas stand near the door. Neither looks pleased.

ON KROEKERS

VALERIE

Thomas, please, it was a simple request.

THOMAS

And I gave a simple answer. I'll tuck my shirt in when you tell dad.

VALERIE

There is enough on this family's plate right now. It can wait until--

THOMAS

I let Hannah bully me into keeping your secrets. But she's gone.

Samuel and Maddy approach. Valerie and Thomas pretend to look normal. Maddy holds out the plate of food.

MADDY
Chocolate drizzle.

VALERIE
Thanks, hon.

SAMUEL
Can you tuck your shirt in, Thomas?

THOMAS
(with a pointed look at
Valerie)
Sure, Dad.

ON OLIVIA

Olivia pushes her way through the crowd. Michael Davies leaps out.

MICHAEL
Did you prepare something special,
Olivia?

OLIVIA
What? Oh. Yeah! Totally.

He places a creepy, sweaty hand on her shoulder.

MICHAEL
You're so strong.

Olivia stares at the hand until he removes it. She pretends her grimace is a smile and pushes past him.

She locks eyes with Thomas, across the room. They nod curtly. Hurry towards each other.

The two come together in front of the acapella group just as they finish a song. BIDDIE SOLOIST taps on the mic self-consciously.

BIDDIE SOLOIST
Next, the Whipple Wailing Whalers
will be singing Sarah McLachlan's
"I Will Remember You" because we
will, like, remember Hannah.

The music begins anew.

THOMAS
Fun car ride here?

Olivia narrows her eyes. Thomas nods knowingly.

OLIVIA
Did you know your mom would be
there with my dad? When you drove
me home?

THOMAS
(shrugging)
I guessed. They both knew we'd be
back late. But when I saw the light
on... I'm sorry you found out like
that.

OLIVIA
Don't apologize. You're the only
one who cared that I find out at
all.

Olivia follows Thomas's gaze over to his family. Valerie and
Maddy split an éclair.

THOMAS
I'm never going to lie to my kids.
I'm never going to lie to anybody.

OLIVIA
That's impossible.

THOMAS
It doesn't have to be.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH HALLWAY -- DAY

The entire town of Whipple migrates towards the ceremony.
Olivia walks with her family.

Austin ends up next to her, entirely by accident. He shoots
her a nervous look and tries to hurry forward, but the
crowd's too massive for him to get anywhere.

Olivia notices him and tenses up.

AUSTIN
Howdy ho.

OLIVIA
What?

AUSTIN
Nothing. I have to -- I think Patch
is over there.

He dives into the crowd.

INT. WHIPPLE HIGH GYM -- DAY

The masses pour in. They quickly fill up the bleachers, as well as the rows of fold-out chairs set up in the center of the room. They face a podium placed beneath a crooked "WHIPPLE HIGH WHALERS" banner.

The Westbergs and the Kroekers comprise the front row.

JOHN

Well, this is... something, huh?

Olivia sighs. PRINCIPAL ALBERT LAMB, 67, too old for this but gamely playing the part, steps up to the podium and clears his throat.

MR. LAMB

I'd like to thank you all for coming today. We thought it important to honor Hannah here at Whipple High, where she spent most of her time.

In the crowd, Maddy leans towards Thomas.

MADDY

This is stupid.

THOMAS

It is.

MR. LAMB

We decided to place the plaque in her honor here, in our gymnasium, because some of the best memories we have of Hannah occurred within these very four walls.

Olivia rolls her eyes.

MR. LAMB (CONT'D)

Of course, no one knew Hannah better than her closest friend, who's graciously offered to say a few words. Olivia, come on up.

All eyes on Olivia as she slowly stands up and makes her way to the podium.

THOMAS

(to Maddy)

I'm surprised they got her to agree to this.

Olivia places her hands on the sides of the podium and smiles widely at the audience. A little manic.

OLIVIA

Hi, everybody. Hannah Kroeker was... my best friend. Straight A student. Taurus. Ravensclaw. Democrat. Totally unbearable, most of the time.

Flashes of the audience -- they can't believe what they're hearing.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We're all lying. All we've done since she died is lie. She wasn't perfect. She wasn't some heavenly angel. Most of you probably thought she was super-annoying and uptight and hated when she beat you on tests. Which she always did. Hannah Kroeker never let herself lose. Which looked great on her college apps, I'm sure. But the flip side was: she never let anyone else win. Not ever people she cared about. We didn't matter to her, not really.

Thomas looks around him, unable to mask the frantic glee from his face. Maddy looks at him and shrugs helplessly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Like... anyone, I guess, Hannah had her secrets. Her boyfriend wouldn't have sex with her, so she dumped him. Her mom was having an affair with her best friend's dad. She hated most of you. She barely even liked me. What a girl! What a life! Let's see the plaque!

Austin has his head in his hands. John's beet red, a defensive arm wrapped around a confused David's shoulder.

Samuel's looking at Valerie, a mix of flabbergasted and horrified. She hurriedly whispers to him. Thomas can barely suppress his laughter.

Eyes slowly slide over to a petrified Michael. Olivia gestures wildly towards him. Faced with an absence of other options, he slowly tugs the banner to the ground.

The plaque is about the size of a sheet of computer paper.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Wow. Color me moved.

Maddy, wide-eyed, pokes Thomas.

MADDY
She's my hero.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Olivia walks slowly down the steps. Surrounded by people, but they're all leaving her a wide berth.

She hurries to her car. From behind, Austin spots her and hurries to catch up.

AUSTIN
Olivia! Olivia! Hey, asshole!
(she turns around)
Oh, you actually turned about that one? Great.

OLIVIA
Yes. Well.

AUSTIN
Am I tripping? Am I like, still drunk or something, or that actually happen?

Her expression is blank.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
You're better than that.

OLIVIA
How do you know? We're not friends. We never were. We only talked because of Hannah. She was the only reason we were ever in the same room.

Olivia reaches her parked car. John buckles David in, shuts the door, and whirls around to face her.

JOHN
Are you fucking kidding me, Olivia?

OLIVIA
Did the truth set you free, Dad?

VALERIE (O.S.)
Samuel, please!

From their car across the parking lot, Samuel charges towards them, his family close behind. Valerie is near tears, desperate.

He stops in front of John. Face fucking aflame.

SAMUEL
Is it true?

JOHN
I'd really prefer to not hash this out in front of our kids--

SAMUEL
Look at me, and tell me it isn't true.

JOHN
I. Can't.

The two men stare at each other for a long, incredibly tense moment. Samuel's fists are clenched. No one's breathing.

Samuel takes off without a word. His family follows. Valerie's head down. Thomas shoots a look back at Olivia. Flashes her a thumbs up.

JOHN
(under his breath)
That kid is a little shit.

INT. WESTBERG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family bursts in: first John, then Olivia, then David.

JOHN
Room, David. Now.

DAVID
Oh, I was planning on it.

He flees up the stairs. Olivia zeros in on her backpack.

JOHN
You know? I was trying to figure out what I wanted to say on the car ride over here, but I don't even know where to begin.

Olivia pulls out her keys and the diary. Back out the door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where are you--

Door slams.

EXT. WHIPPLE ROAD/INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia's car zooms down a deserted back road, at least twenty miles over the speed limit.

Olivia drives. Nowhere in particular. Face blank. She's gone.

The car approaches a sharp left onto an overpass. Clusters of trees clutter the mountainous, rocky terrain next to the road.

If Olivia keeps driving, she'll crash. A weird, contented determination settles over her. She presses the gas pedal.

The steep incline draws closer and closer. Olivia's not stopping.

Until -- suddenly -- sanity washing over her -- she slams down on the break and hurls the steering wheel as far left as she can manage.

The car skids to a precarious stop by the edge of the overpass. Scattered cars zoom by on the highway below. Olivia puts the car into park and sits for a moment.

She bursts into tears. Loud, ugly, angry sobs.

EXT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Olivia creeps by at ten miles an hour past his house.

She outright stops directly in front and stares for a moment. Thinks better of her impulse, and speeds away.

INT. ATHENA DINER - DAY

Olivia sits at a table in the corner, alone. She fiddles with a menu. Hannah's diary sits on the table next to her.

Shannon, in a bright pink uniform polo, approaches. Eyebrows raised.

SHANNON

Hi.

OLIVIA

Oh. Um. Hi. I forgot you worked here.

SHANNON

It sucked that they scheduled me for right after the memorial. I had to race over.

OLIVIA

Did you see--

SHANNON

Oh. I saw.

OLIVIA

Oh.

Olivia waves the menu around.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Can I just get a burger and fries, please?

SHANNON

(scribbling it down)

Yep.

INT. ATHENA DINER - LATER

Shannon approaches Olivia's table with two burgers. She places one in front of Olivia and plops down across from her with the other one.

Shannon starts to eat nonchalantly. Olivia stares at her, her food untouched.

SHANNON

Cook made two by accident.

OLIVIA

Don't you have... other customers?

SHANNON

Ever since that Applebees opened up, we've been a ghost town.

OLIVIA
Too bad.

SHANNON
(re: the diary)
That yours?

OLIVIA
...Hannah's.

SHANNON
Oh, yeah, I remember her scribbling
in it.

OLIVIA
I read it.

SHANNON
Don't blame you.

OLIVIA
And it fucked me up.

SHANNON
She said stuff about you?

OLIVIA
All of us.

SHANNON
Oh. Well.
(an afterthought)
What'd she say about me?

OLIVIA
You always tried to undermine her.

Shannon takes another bite. This is less of a response than Olivia expected. She leans forward. Shannon shrugs.

SHANNON
I mean, I did always try to
undermine her.

OLIVIA
So?

SHANNON
So, it's not like she was lying!

OLIVIA
That doesn't make it any less of a
terrible thing to say!

SHANNON
It was a personal diary. She never expected anyone to read it.

OLIVIA
Yeah, but--

SHANNON
What'd she say about you?

OLIVIA
That I'm overdramatic--
(off Shannon's arched eyebrow)
-- which, *fine* --

SHANNON
I was going to say, you actually gave a soliloquy in front of the whole town this morning.

OLIVIA
--and that she... Wasn't sure. Why we were friends. Like, maybe it was just out of habit. By default, or whatever.

SHANNON
Oh.

OLIVIA
Oh?!

SHANNON
You guys have been best friends for ten years. It is by default! You didn't sit next to each other in the sandbox knowing who you'd become--

OLIVIA
Yeah, she turned into a liar.

SHANNON
You told her the truth? Always?

OLIVIA
When it mattered!

SHANNON
So she was more complicated than you thought? Who the fuck isn't, seriously. She was still the girl you loved. She still loved you.

Olivia nods. Doesn't really believe her -- Shannon can tell. She grabs the diary and gets up, heading for the back door.

SHANNON
(to the cook, somewhere)
Yo! Taking my break!

Olivia hesitates for a moment, but then follows.

EXT. ATHENA DINER - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Shannon hands Olivia the diary. They're in front of a dumpster.

OLIVIA
What do you want me to do with
this?

SHANNON
(shrugging)
Whatever you want.

OLIVIA
It'd be symbolic if I threw it in
the trash.

SHANNON
Might help!

Olivia throws the diary into the trash.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Did it?

OLIVIA
I guess?

INT. ATHENA DINER - LATER

Shannon rings Olivia up at the cash register.

OLIVIA
Can I tell you something? Something
a little weird?

SHANNON
Sure.

Olivia looks at Shannon -- her bright pink polo, her minimum wage job -- and shakes her head, a little, to herself. Not yet.

OLIVIA

I'm weirdly pumped to see what you come up with for a speech at graduation.

SHANNON

Oh, fuck! I completely forgot. Oh, God. What the hell am I supposed to say? Like, can I just read "Oh, The Places You'll Go" out loud and be done with it?

OLIVIA

Short. Simple. Effective.

SHANNON

Maybe I'll go rogue and just recite the Gettysburg Address. People love that shit.

OLIVIA

Just a bunch of random inspirational quotes. No context.

SHANNON

I have a dream! That the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. 99 red balloons.

OLIVIA

Parents will eat it up.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

She pulls into the Kroekers' driveway and pulls out her phone to check her messages. A half dozen missed calls from her dad.

She ignores them and finds Thomas in her contacts. Presses SEND.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Thomas, perched at the top of the stairwell, listening to his parents yell at each other, picks up.

INTERCUT OLIVIA'S CAR AND KROEKER HOUSE

OLIVIA

Can I come over? I need to tell you something.

THOMAS

If you don't mind taking a front seat in the trenches-- parents have been screaming since we got home.

OLIVIA

It's cool. I'm actually in your driveway, so I'll be there in ten seconds. Twelve if I encounter a squirrel.

A car pulls behind her and parks in front of the house. She cranes her neck and watches as John gets out.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What the hell is my dad doing here?

THOMAS

Aw, shit, we just leveled up.

OLIVIA

Be there in a sec.

She hangs up and lowers the window right as her dad passes, eyebrows raised. They stare at each other.

JOHN

Where have you been?

OLIVIA

Around.

JOHN

Great.

OLIVIA

What are you doing here?

JOHN

Val thought it would be good if we all talked.

OLIVIA

Why?

JOHN
I have absolutely no idea. That's
why I was calling: I didn't want to
do this alone.

OLIVIA
Here to see Thomas, actually.

JOHN
I don't like you being his friend.
He's a weirdo.

OLIVIA
Yeah, well, I'm not the hugest fan
of you sleeping with his mom, so.

John sighs in defeat.

JOHN
Come on. Let's get this over with.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Val, Samuel, and Thomas stand opposite John and Olivia.

JOHN
I... really don't know what you
want me to say.

SAMUEL
I don't know. Val wanted this.

VALERIE
I thought this might help -- if we
could explain.

JOHN
I think we're way past explaining,
Val.

SAMUEL
Don't call her that!

JOHN
Her name?

Olivia and Thomas look to each other and nod.

OLIVIA
We're not needed here...

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS STAIRWELL - LATER

Thomas is in the same spot, but Olivia's next to him. They sit in silence, listening to the muffled, sharp sounds of Valerie, Samuel, and John yelling.

THOMAS
My parents could very easily get divorced, after this.

OLIVIA
You said that with all the anguish of a math problem.

THOMAS
Maybe things would be better.

OLIVIA
You just like watching people be as miserable as you.

THOMAS
It's nice to know we're all on the same playing field.

They fall back into silence. They can hear Valerie crying.

OLIVIA
I almost died today.

THOMAS
Of embarrassment...?

OLIVIA
I nearly drove my car into the hills next to Mountain Flower Road.
(deep breath)
On purpose. I veered away at the last second, but... I got it. For just a second. I got why she did it.

THOMAS
I've always got it. That's what terrifies the shit out of me. It was the only thing she ever did I understood.

OLIVIA
It was just a second, but then I snapped out of it.

THOMAS
And she didn't. That's the
difference.

They sit in silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You know, everyone hates their
sister when they're sixteen. I
wasn't supposed to hate her
forever. But now I'm going to.

A crash from downstairs-- someone's thrown something.

OLIVIA
I just don't understand -- how she
hid it. From all of us. For so
long.

THOMAS
(slightly defeated)
Would the most recent diary make
you feel a little less pathetic?

OLIVIA
I thought--

THOMAS
I lied.

OLIVIA
Plot twist!

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

They walk in. Thomas nonchalant, Olivia still a little
freaked out. Hannah's desk chair is missing, but neither
notice.

THOMAS
It's the pillow.

OLIVIA
Really?

THOMAS
Not under...

He grabs it off her bed, strips off the pillowcase, and
gestures to a little book-shaped pouch.

OLIVIA
Seriously?

THOMAS
She was a serial killer about this
type of shit.

He opens the pouch, and-- nothing.

OLIVIA
Guess we haven't reached the end of
this episode of CSI.

THOMAS
Goddammit.

OLIVIA
The rest are in the closet, right?
She could have put it there, with
the rest, before...

They both look towards the closet.

THOMAS
You really want to?

Olivia nods as she walks to the closet. She pulls the door
open, and--

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HANNAH'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Maddy, sopping wet with tears, sits cross-legged on Hannah's
desk chair, a scarf in her lap. Olivia gasps and leaps back.

OLIVIA
What are you doing?!

MADDY
I wanted to be with Hannah. But I
couldn't figure it out.

Olivia claps a hand to her mouth. Frantic tears spill out of
her eyes.

OLIVIA
Oh my God, Maddy, oh my god...

Thomas flings himself into the closet, collapsing at his
sister's feet.

THOMAS
Never say you want to be like
Hannah again. Okay?

MADDY
(angrily)
I miss her!

THOMAS
You miss her because she did
something stupid!

OLIVIA
You really think that's what she
needs to hear right now?!

Thomas looks to Olivia, gaze hard amongst the panic and regret. Tears streaming down her face, Olivia crouches in front of Maddy.

OLIVIA
I loved Hannah. I did. I do. But
I'm never going to love her the
same way, after this. Do you get
that?

Thomas pushes himself back and leans against the wall, head buried in his arms, shoulders shaking. Olivia rubs Maddy's back. They're all crying.

MADDY
How could anyone be that sad?

OLIVIA
I don't know.

MADDY
I'm little, but I'm her sister. She
should have told me!

THOMAS
(quietly)
She never told anyone anything.

OLIVIA
Tell me what you wanted to do in
here, Maddy. Tell me.

MADDY
I wanted to see -- what it felt
like -- what she -- it was stupid.

OLIVIA
It's okay, sweetie. It's okay.

Olivia kisses Maddy's forehead, and stands up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Olivia thunders down the stairs. The adults don't even notice her.

JOHN
You weren't paying attention to
your wife! You didn't give a fuck
about her! You're no saint--

Samuel decks John. John's down. Valerie gasps. Olivia watches it all happen, jaw open.

John puts a hand to his bleeding lip, almost in awe. He looks up and sees Olivia.

OLIVIA
Maddy is upstairs in Hannah's
closet with a chair and a scarf.
But, by all means, keep punching
each other.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maddy sits on Hannah's bed, her family crouched around her.

MADDY
I just wanted to know what it felt
like.

VALERIE
Oh, honey...

She wraps Maddy in a hug. Samuel, wide-eyed, stands up. A few paces backwards. He's absolutely stunned.

THOMAS
Terrible. That's how it felt. How
she felt.

MADDY
Then why?!

The door shuts as Samuel slips out--

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

John dabs at his nose in the hallway mirror. Olivia hovers around him. The two freeze and watch Samuel as he leans against the wall. Gasping for air. Losing it.

A few long, tense seconds pass until Samuel realizes he's not alone. The realization should be weird, but Samuel's too messed up to get that.

SAMUEL

We... I... forgot. My own daughter.
I forgot.

OLIVIA

This doesn't have to be the end.
Not for everyone. You know?

Samuel nods, slowly. He looks at John.

SAMUEL

If you go downstairs, there's an
icepack in the freezer.

John nods, and Samuel returns it. He walks back into Hannah's room.

John wraps an arm around Olivia. She tenses up.

JOHN

It's a shitty thing to realize your
kid is a better person at eighteen
than you'll ever be.

Olivia relaxes into her father's embrace.

EXT. WESTBERG HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Olivia, in her blue cap and gown, poses grudgingly in front of the house. John snaps pictures, David at his heels.

OLIVIA

(smile, click)
This--
(thumbs up, click)
--is--
(peace sign, click)
--inane.

JOHN

Just needed to make sure I have
enough angles to make an Olivia

JOHN
hologram for when you leave.
Someone has to teach Dave math.

DAVID
Yeah, I'm screwed.

OLIVIA
I told you: Skype homework time
will be a thing.

She grabs her bag from the ground nearby and pulls her car keys out of it.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Cool if I take a separate car?
Party at Shannon's after.

John nods and hugs his daughter.

JOHN
Sure, sweetie. See you there.

Olivia nods, smiles, and takes out her phone as she walks away.

INT. KROEKER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Thomas and Maddy sit on the couch. Maddy looks to the staircase nervously.

THOMAS
I really think they'll be fine with
it. Just tell them what you told
me.

Thomas receives a text from Olivia: "You good to go?"

Maddy nods as Valerie and Samuel appear from upstairs. She stands up, on instinct. Thomas joins her.

SAMUEL
You guys ready to go?

THOMAS
Not... actually.

MADDY
There's somewhere else I want to
be. With Thomas. If that's okay.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia sits parked about half a block down the street from Austin's house. She watches, eyes narrowed, as he exits the front door with Joey and their mom: MARGARET BERKOWITZ, 50s, overly made up, a little unsteady on her feet.

He's in his cap and gown. His mom pulls out a camera.

Olivia grabs her phone and spots a text from Thomas:

"Yep. Want me to bring it?"

She responds: "Sure."

She scrolls through her contacts, stares at Austin's name for a second, and winces slightly as she presses dial.

EXT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Austin fishes his phone out of his pocket. He sees Olivia's name, briefly contemplates it, and answers.

INTERCUT OLIVIA'S CAR AND AUSTIN'S FRONT YARD

AUSTIN

Yo.

OLIVIA

I'm the worst.

AUSTIN

The worst? Ever? You're really giving yourself that much credit?

OLIVIA

Top five worst. Not counting dictators.

AUSTIN

Or serial killers.

OLIVIA

Fair enough.

(deep breath)

Listen, the only thing I regret about what I said at the memorial is selling you out. My rampage of destruction wasn't supposed to include the only actually good person left.

Austin softens considerably at this.

AUSTIN
Rampage of destruction sounds like
a really crappy Call of Duty
sequel.

OLIVIA
Do you need a ride?

AUSTIN
What?

OLIVIA
...I'm down the street.

Austin circles around in pursuit.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Cold. That's your mom. Cold.
Warmer. Warmish. Rain forest humid.
Temperate. Moderate. Getting
closer...! Aha! Hello!

She waves. Austin raises an eyebrow. Radio silence on his
end.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I couldn't decide if this was weird
or endearing, but then I realized I
had little to lose and everything
to gain.

Austin smiles.

END INTERCUT.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Phone still pressed to her ear, Olivia watches as Austin
hangs up and turns to his mom. She shrugs and he spins
around -- headed straight for Olivia's car.

He jogs over. Olivia punches the air with her phone
triumphantly.

He clambers inside.

AUSTIN
You're probably only top ten worst.
Wouldn't want you to get a big
head.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - DAY

John and David stand at the bottom and scan the crowded rows for available seats.

DAVID
There's some room right in front of
Hannah's mom and dad.

JOHN
Great.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

John and David settle in in front of Valerie and Samuel.
With great hesitance, John turns around.

JOHN
Hey, Valerie. Samuel. Really nice
of you to come.

VALERIE
We didn't really know what else to
do, honestly.

Samuel throws an arm around Valerie's shoulder. She smiles at him, but it fades quickly as she looks over to John. They both stare at each other for a moment.

John coughs and turns back to face forward.

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - WHIPPLE HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Olivia and Austin watch as hoards of kids in caps and gowns stream into the high school.

AUSTIN
You ready for this?

OLIVIA
No.

AUSTIN
Me either.

OLIVIA
Perfect!

AUSTIN
Yeah, you're not--

OLIVIA
You don't have to go.

AUSTIN
What?

OLIVIA
I'm-- I'm not going.

AUSTIN
But it's graduation.

OLIVIA
They're not going to hold me back
if I don't.

AUSTIN
Maybe they will.

OLIVIA
Fuck them.

AUSTIN
Do you hate Hannah more, or the
world? I can't keep track.

OLIVIA
It would feel like a giant lie.
Doing it without her. Don't you
think?

Olivia and Austin look at each other.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS - DAY

The crowd watches as the graduates file out onto the
football field.

John lifts David up by his armpits to see higher. They
squint to find Olivia.

DAVID
I can't see her!

INT. OLIVIA'S CAR - DAY

Olivia parks. Austin stares at their destination with wide
eyes. He goes for the door.

AUSTIN
 (under his breath)
 Whoop, here it is, or whatever--

But Olivia locks the car.

OLIVIA
 I just-- I need one final second
 that isn't about her. Because it
 should be, and it will be, but--

She grabs Austin and kisses him. Alarmed at first, he quickly catches on and kisses her back.

They pull away from each other, smiling sheepishly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Wanted to see what that was like
 not wasted... You know.

AUSTIN
 Good. Uh! I was a fan.

OLIVIA
 We weren't just friends because of
 Hannah. Another douchey thing I
 said.

AUSTIN
 We were, but we aren't now.

They smile at each other.

EXT. WHIPPLE HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Shannon, in her cap and gown, taps the mic self consciously.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Olivia, Austin, Thomas, and Maddy meet at the center of the parking lot.

AUSTIN
 This was on purpose?
 (Olivia and Thomas nod)
 Okay, then.

Olivia, Austin, Thomas, and Maddy march towards their destination.

They reach the front gate: they're at a graveyard.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

They troop across the graveyard. Olivia and Austin struggle not to trip over their gowns.

They pass rows and rows of graves until they find Hannah's, tucked into a far corner.

Olivia gets there first, but the others quickly catch up. No one's breathing as they look at the inscription:

"HANNAH MARIE KROEKER. FOND MEMORIES CLING TO HER NAME,
THOSE WHO LOVED HER IN LIFE LOVE HER IN DEATH THE SAME.
11/3/94 - 5/31/12."

They stare at it, eyes wide with awe and grief and regret.

THOMAS
Olivia, do you want it?

OLIVIA
What?

THOMAS
The last diary.

Olivia finally rips her gaze from the headstone to watch Thomas pull it from his backpack and hands it to her.

AUSTIN
Whoa, dude!

OLIVIA
You've read it already?

THOMAS
Not the ending. It seemed like more
of a group activity.

AUSTIN
Are you kidding?

OLIVIA
Will anything in there help?

AUSTIN
Come on. She's not Anne Frank!

THOMAS
You're only saying that because you
don't want to be Peter van Pels.

OLIVIA
What do you think, Maddy?

MADDY
Skip to the ending. That's all we
should see.

Olivia looks at Austin imploringly. He sighs in defeat.

Olivia opens it up to the dedication page: Hannah taped in a computer printout picture of a dragon and scribbled in all caps, "HERE BE DRAGONS! GO AWAY, THOMAS!"

Olivia laughs, despite everything. She holds the page out so everyone else can see: Thomas rolls his eyes, Maddy grins, and even Austin manages a half-smile.

She quickly flicks through the pages until the she reaches the end.

Olivia nods and opens to a page towards the end. She reads in silence for a moment. Austin squeezes his eyes shut. Maddy rocks slowly back and forth.

THOMAS
What's the last line?

OLIVIA
"I don't think I can handle this."

Olivia looks with wide eyes to Thomas, Austin, and Maddy. Thomas nods. With a defeated sigh, clutching the diary to her chest, Olivia plops down on the grass in front of the grave.

Austin shoots a perplexed look at Thomas. Maddy rapidly follows suit, palms open and flat as she grips the grass tightly.

Thomas shrugs at Austin and takes a knee. Austin gives in and slowly lowers himself to the ground, still a little weirded out.

Maddy rips up a clump of grass and ties the blades together in a blur of knots and braids.

Everyone else looks at Olivia, under the assumption that she'll make the first move. Everyone except Austin. He's focused on the dirt.

AUSTIN
(under his breath)
I still can't believe that's her
down there...

MADDY
It's gross.

OLIVIA
We skipped graduation, Hannah.

THOMAS
It's been a really weird week.

MADDY
Mom made us sit shiva for you. It was pretty dumb.

AUSTIN
We finally threw our grad party! It was... also pretty dumb, actually.

OLIVIA
None of it feels right, without you.
(eyes filling with tears)
I spent the last week pissed, but what's the point?

THOMAS
You messed up a lot, Hannah, but this was probably the worst one.

AUSTIN
I'm sure she's figured that out. Wherever... she... went.

OLIVIA
I'm not going to remember you for just this.
(voice cracks)
I'm going to try.

They drift into a sad, tear-soaked silence. Austin wipes his eyes with the excess fabric in his sleeve.

Thomas reaches for the diary and flips through it.

OLIVIA
What are you doing?

THOMAS
(under his breath)
There's something else that you need to see. Especially.

He finds what he's looking for and holds it back out to Olivia. She stares at it, a little fearfully.

OLIVIA

You sure?

THOMAS

I promise.

(she takes it)

Start at the top.

OLIVIA

"May 8th, 2012. Liv is a better best friend than I'd ever be, and insisted on celebrating with McDonalds instead of history. Truancy would have bothered me last year -- last month, even -- but. Well. I don't really feel like myself anymore.

We were in the parking lot, laps full of carbs, and she was jabbering on about my speech, and summer, and school next year -- I could barely look her in the eye. Something bad happens, and she gets over it. I've been drowning for as long as I can remember."

Tears stream down Olivia's face. She gasps, and looks up. The other three watch her with great intensity.

Maddy leans over and grabs her hand. Thomas nods.

THOMAS

(quietly)

Keep -- keep going.

Olivia takes a deep breath.

OLIVIA

"I could not tell you the last time I was completely honest with anyone. Even in here, it's mostly half-hearted circles around how I actually feel. Olivia was never like that. I hated her for it, most of the time, but because I wanted that bravery, too. She's got a huge life ahead of her.

She gets it. Whatever it is. She's going to do good things -- love and be loved. She's going to be fine. I'm not worried about Olivia. I never really was."

Olivia squeezes her eyes shut as she closes the diary. Her shoulders shake as she struggles to regulate her breathing.

She finally looks up, and locks eyes with Thomas. He smiles, just a little. She smiles back.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Austin stretches his legs out. They just barely graze Olivia's. Thomas wraps an arm around Maddy's shoulders. Olivia squeezes Maddy's hand.

They remain there, for a while.

FADE OUT.

THE END.