

13 REASONS WHY

"Tape 1, Side A: Justin"

Written by Brian Yorkey

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Paramount Television
Anonymous Content
Mandy Teefey/Kristel Laiblin

ACT ONE.

IN BLACK

Colin & Caroline SING "More than Gravity."

OPEN ON

A locker. A half-height locker. Painted a royal blue that tries to be cheerful, but just feels tired.

Unlike the stickered, scribbled, smudged lockers around it, ours is unadorned. Bare. We hold on it, foreboding. Alone.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Hey. It's Hannah. Hannah Baker.

REVEAL

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As we PULL BACK to more lockers, surrounding ours like a silent gang. The hall, empty. Quiet as a sleeping army.

HANNAH (V.O.)
That's right. Don't adjust your --
whatever device you're hearing this
on. It's me. Live and in stereo.

A jittery BELL RINGS. The hallway erupts in STUDENTS. They crowd the lockers around ours, pulling out books, shoving backpacks away. Jostling, laughing, hurrying, and not.

HANNAH (V.O.)
No return engagements. No encore.
And this time, absolutely no
requests.

CLAY JENSEN (17) slams his locker shut and turns to go. He stops cold, seeing something, and we see him: doe-eyed and dimpled, handsome but watchful, with a face that's young for his age, but eyes that are older. We follow his gaze...

HANNAH (V.O.)
Get a snack. Settle in.

...and down the hall, the crowds part, and HANNAH BAKER (17) appears, long hair flowing, looking beautiful, but she doesn't know it. She smiles at Clay, and he smiles back -- stands taller, leans forward eager to say hello.

HANNAH (V.O.)
 Because I'm about to tell you the
 story of my life.

The crowds cover her, part again, and she's gone. A mirage.

Clay blinks. Wakes. And looks down the line to our bare,
 lonely locker -- and two SOPHOMORE GIRLS with iPhones.

SOPHOMORE GIRL
 This was hers, right?

OTHER GIRL
 Totally.

The sophomore girl snaps a selfie.

OTHER GIRL (CONT'D)
 Hashtag neverforget.

Clay steps toward them, and they scatter. He puts his hand on
 the locker, as if to protect it, or know it better.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
 What the hell?

Clay turns. JUSTIN FOLEY (18) is a good-hair basketball jock,
 tallish, a bit soft. Right now he looks like hell: Dark eyes,
 slept-in shirt, hair unwashed. Like he's been up for days.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? Trying to break
 into her locker?

CLAY
 No -- No, I -- I just --

JUSTIN
 You weren't looking for something?

CLAY
 What would I be looking for?

Justin comes in close. Studies him.

JUSTIN
 You think you two had a thing,
 don't you? Something special.

CLAY
 I don't think that. No. We were
 friends.

JUSTIN
Are you sure?

CLAY
Do you even know my name?

JUSTIN
Of course I do, Clay.
(then)
You think it's not your fault at
all, right?

Before Clay can answer:

MR. PORTER (O.S.)
Guys. Second bell.

MR. PORTER (40s) is a somewhat better specimen of high-school counselor, decently dressed, no frown lines. Though he, too, looks rode hard and put away wet. Exhausted. Eyes rimmed red.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)
Get to homeroom. Now.

Justin looks at Mr. Porter -- is it a faceoff? -- then SLAMS his hand on the locker. Turns heel, goes. Clay watches.

INT. PEER COMMUNICATIONS CLASSROOM - DAY - FOLLOWING

MRS. BRADLEY (30s) walks among the desks, modelling empathy. Well-meaning, not unattractive, a good, smart teacher, but she's been on too many retreats.

MRS. BRADLEY
So there are a number of ways you
can get help if you need it. Or if
a friend does.

Clay sits, fifth row, second desk. The middle. He's good at listening intently and thinking of something else entirely.

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
All this info is on the board outside
my room, and outside the main office,
it's on the Patriot home page --

PRATTERS, the class dolt, jabs his hand in the air.

PRATTERS
Mrs. Bradley, is it possible we
could be done with all this? It's
been a week -- isn't it healthy to,
like, move on?

He's drowned out by other STUDENTS.

STUDENTS (VARIOUSLY)
 Seriously? Shut your hole,
 Pratters. Oh my god, really?

A CHEERLEADER holds her iPhone under the desk, scrolling through Facebook, and stops on the sophomore's locker selfie.

MRS. BRADLEY
 We're never done with it, Mr.
 Pratters. Which is why it's important
 to know the signs that someone you
 care for might need help.

Clay looks over to the fourth row, third desk. Empty.

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 Are they withdrawing from friends
 or family? Having trouble in
 romantic relationships?

Mrs. Bradley passes between Clay and the empty desk...

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 Is there a change in their
 appearance? Their everyday demeanor?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PEER COMMUNICATIONS CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

...REVEAL Hannah, now in the desk, with shorter hair. Mrs. Bradley talking about something else altogether, but swear to god she's using the exact same tone.

MRS. BRADLEY
 The group collaboration project
 will be one-fifth of your semester
 grade, so --

The BELL RINGS and the students begin the shuffle to go.

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
 -- so please be committed and
 constant and fair to each other.

Clay waits at the front for Hannah. Falls in step with her as they walk out into the hallway.

CLAY
 I like the hair. The short hair. I
 mean, I liked the long hair, too.
 (MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

But I like the -- I mean, I realize this makes me seem wishy-washy, and in truth I don't actually like change, but this change seems cool.

Hannah smiles, but just slightly.

HANNAH

Thanks.

She keeps looking. At him. He's out of stuff to say. So:

CLAY

Yeah, I mean, so. Good. Yeah.

Abruptly, he gives a brief grin, then walks away.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - FOLLOWING - *FLASHBACK*

Clay dials his locker, jerks it open, and a folded document falls from one of the vents and lands at his feet.

He bends to pick it up: CRANE BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. TOWN MAP. Turns it over. In thick red marker, clearly but roughly handwritten: HANG ON TO THIS. YOU'LL NEED IT.

Clay looks around. No one's taking responsibility. He shoves the map into his backpack, grabs a book, slams the locker. Hurries away, and as we TRACK along a LINE OF LOCKERS:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - *BACK TO PRESENT*

We land on another locker. Bare. Unadorned. Hannah's. A hand twirls the lock, tugs at it -- still locked. Shaking a bit, the hand tries the combination again, pulls the lock -- nope.

REVEAL Mr. Porter reading from a small slip of paper.

MR. PORTER

That's what I -- one more time. I could never work lockers when I was in high school, either.

REVEAL he's with MR. BAKER (30s), sweater vest, khakis, earnest and well-meaning, and MRS. BAKER (30s), eyes rimmed red, shivering in a thick wool sweater.

MR. BAKER

You'd think there'd be a skeleton key, or something.

MR. PORTER

You'd think.

(still with the lock,
tries for conversation)

So, you two own that great little
shoe store downtown.

MR. BAKER

Owned.

Mr. Porter finally gets the lock open. Pulls the door to
reveal books, some papers, a hoodie. Inside, as out, clear of
any decorations.

MRS. BAKER

She doesn't have any stickers, or
pictures, or -- why doesn't she
have any stickers? Did she take
them down? Or never put them up?
Why didn't anyone see that?

MR. BAKER

Honey. It's just a locker.

He puts his hand on her arm, but she pulls away from him.

MRS. BAKER

Oh, you're sure?

Mr. Baker begins to collect the books and papers inside.

MR. BAKER

This is everything?

MR. PORTER

We can go through this in my office.
I can return the textbooks --

MRS. BAKER

We just need anything personal,
anything that's hers --

MR. BAKER

The lawyer says we should bring
everything.

MRS. BAKER

The lawyer says a lot of things.

Mrs. Baker looks away -- and sees Clay down the hall,
watching them. Caught looking, he turns to hurry away--

-- and bumps directly into BRYCE WALKER (18), a hard-eyed
frat-boy-in-training, less attractive than he thinks.

BRYCE
Jesus. Walk much, Jensen?

CLAY
Sorry, Bryce.

Clay glances over to the adults at the locker.

BRYCE
Hannah's locker.

CLAY
Is it?

BRYCE
Yeah, like you don't know. Like you
had nothing to do with it.

He pushes past Clay, who watches him go.

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY - FOLLOWING

Clay tumbles down the steps of the school. COURTNEY CRIMSEN (17), polished and beautiful, waits about half way down. Is she waiting for him?

COURTNEY
Clay! How are you doing, sweetie?
You've been on my mind.

Courtney flashes her usual perfect smile, but maybe it doesn't quite reach her eyes.

CLAY
Hey, Courtney. I have?

COURTNEY
How're you -- are you okay?

CLAY
Um... Today?

COURTNEY
I mean, you know, with everything.
This week. We haven't talked.

CLAY
(when have we ever...)
No.

COURTNEY
But I just -- we all need to be
there for each other. At a time
like this. You know?

CLAY

Sure.

COURTNEY

It's all just so sad. She just
didn't seem --

(choking up)

-- I mean, did she? How could she
do this to us?

CLAY

To us.

COURTNEY

It doesn't make sense, right?

CLAY

(studying her)

I think a lot of things don't make
sense.

COURTNEY

Exactly. Some things, you know,
just don't have simple
explanations. Right?

(smiles tenderly)

I'm glad we got to talk. Just, you
know, remember -- I'm always here.

CLAY

On the steps?

COURTNEY

You always make me laugh. I love
that.

She kisses him on the cheek and hurries up the steps.

CLAY

(to himself)

Yeah. Good talk.

He shakes his head and continues on.

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Clay treads up the walk to his front door, reaching for the
handle, stopping when he sees a package on the mat. The size
of a shoe box, propped against the front door at an angle.

He picks it up: Hastily wrapped, over taped, addressed, with
a hurried scribble, to him. With no return address.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - FOLLOWING

Clay sets the package on the counter, drops his backpack on the floor, pulls a few drawers open until he finds scissors. He spears the package, slices it open, runs the blade around the top and lifts it off. Pulls out a bubble-wrapped bundle.

Unrolls the bundle to seven audio tapes. Picks one up, studies it. In blue nail polish: TAPE 1.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - DEN - FOLLOWING

MR. JENSEN (40s) is grading blue book exams, amid piles of books and papers. Clay pokes his head through the door, but Mr. Jensen doesn't look up.

CLAY

Dad -- where's your radio thing?

MR. JENSEN

My radio thing.

He's still intent on the papers. Clay steps into the room.

CLAY

That thing you play CD's on when you're painting, or working in the yard, or whatever?

MR. JENSEN

You mean my ghetto blaster.

CLAY

Is that really what they're called?

MR. JENSEN

Actually, no, not anymore, it's not politically correct. Boom box.

CLAY

Can I use it?

MR. JENSEN

There's no bluetooth. No audio in. No built-in wifi.

CLAY

I have some tapes. It's a school project. It plays tapes, right?

MR. JENSEN

It does, last I checked, which was when we found that Ultravox tape in your mother's sewing kit.

(MORE)

MR. JENSEN (CONT'D)
(sings, not badly)
"The feeling is gone, only you and
I, this means nothing to me..."

CLAY
(overlapping, hasty)
Whoa, whoa, okay, the only other
thing I need now is where is it.

MR. JENSEN
Garage.

CLAY
Thanks.

He turns to go. Mr. Jensen finally looks up from his papers.

MR. JENSEN
Clay. How's sophomore year going?

CLAY
Junior.

MR. JENSEN
Junior year? Really? Jesus God, it
all goes fast, doesn't it?
(then)
And everything's fine? Life is
proceeding apace? Grades high?

CLAY
Uh... yeah? Everything's pretty
good, I guess?

His dad nods, studies him, formulates.

MR. JENSEN
And you're... in fine fettle?
Puberty survived? Adolescence
tolerable?

CLAY
Um... Dad, I got this project...

MR. JENSEN
(waves his hand)
Yes, yes, the project, the boombox.
Go. But be in touch.

He goes back to his papers. Clay backs out of the room.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - FOLLOWING

Clay sets the tapes, loosely cushioned in the bubble wrap, on the workbench. Reaches to a shelf and pulls down a paint-spattered Panasonic boom box.

He runs the plug to a power strip on the side of the workbench. Studies the front of the boom box, guesses at a button -- and guesses right. The tape drawer pops open.

Clay perches on a stool and unwraps the tapes again. Finds TAPE 1, turns it to SIDE A, bends to slide it into the player. Closes the drawer and presses play.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER)
Hey. It's Hannah. Hannah Baker.

Clay sits up straight. It can't be.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER) (CONT'D)
Don't adjust your -- whatever
device you're hearing this on. It's
me. Live and in stereo.

FLASH ON:

HANNAH

Short-hair present-day Hannah. At an old-school microphone, attached to a cassette recorder.

HANNAH
I'm about to tell you the story of
my life.

BACK TO:

GARAGE

As Clay watches the unspooling tape.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER)
More specifically, why my life
ended. And if you're listening to
this tape -- you're one of the
reasons why.

CLOSE on Clay as this lands.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

OPEN ON:

CLOSE ON TAPE PLAYER

The novel (nowadays) sight of two spinning spindles behind the plastic door of the cassette player.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER)
I'm not saying which tape brings
you into the story.

REVEAL

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

Clay at the workbench, listening, riveted.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER)
But fear not, if you received this
lovely little box, your name will
pop up... I promise.

Clay reaches to adjust the volume.

HANNAH (ON TAPE PLAYER) (CONT'D)
Anyway. The rules are pretty
simple. There are only two --

MRS. JENSEN (O.S.)
Whatcha doin'?

Clay gives a start. MRS. JENSEN(40's), bright, involved,
lovely in a simple way, stands in the doorway to the house.
She regards Clay warmly, but with caution.

CLAY
Whoa! Jesus.
(frantically searches for
stop button)
What have we said about helicopter
parenting, Mom?

MRS. JENSEN
I wasn't hovering --

CLAY
You're always hovering --

MRS. JENSEN
I said your name.

CLAY

You did?

MRS. JENSEN

(indicates stereo)

You were lost in that -- What is it you're listening to?

CLAY

It's, uh, for history class.

He ejects the tape, starts to gather them up, concealing them in the bubble wrap. Mrs. Jensen approaches,

MRS. JENSEN

Cassettes are history now. Of course they are. Can I listen?

CLAY

It's dumb. Just a bunch of boring old -- you don't want to --

He can't get them all wrapped up fast enough -- she picks one up. Considers it fondly -- as Clay hides his freakout.

MRS. JENSEN

I used to make your dad mix-tapes, back in college. I would spend hours agonizing over choosing just the *right* song.

CLAY

Don't -- I mean, I need that --

MRS. JENSEN

Would he think I had bad taste in music? Would he understand what I was trying to say?

CLAY

Why didn't you just tell him? Like, send him... I guess it would be a note, of some sort, on paper? Did you have paper back then?

MRS. JENSEN

Why don't you bring this inside? I've got pork chops for dinner.

CLAY

You know, actually -- I'm going to Tony's. It's a group project. And he's got all kinda retro -- tape-playing -- things --

MRS. JENSEN

Clay. The school emailed today...

CLAY

Ah. Which explains why dad showed interest in my life -- you two are dangerous when you coordinate.

MRS. JENSEN

You know I hate being the kind of parent who asks if you want to talk about anything, but if you want to talk about anything --

CLAY

I didn't really know her, Mom.

MRS. JENSEN

Didn't you work together at the Crestmont?

CLAY

Yeah, for a little while.

MRS. JENSEN

But you didn't know her well.

CLAY

I should get to Tony's --

MRS. JENSEN

I can have dinner ready in ten --

CLAY

Make me a plate for later?

MRS. JENSEN

Sure. I'll leave it in the fridge.

CLAY

Thanks, Mom.

But she doesn't leave. Just studies him.

MRS. JENSEN

Okay, then.

CLAY

Any other points we need to cover?

MRS. JENSEN

Text me if you'll be later than really late.

CLAY

I will.

She gives him another smile, then finally goes.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Clay pedals his mountain bike along the streets of his neighborhood: tree-lined, modestly affluent, the place you wish you'd grown up. One of the few left where your kid could disappear for hours and you wouldn't have to worry.

HANNAH (V.O.)

The rules here are pretty simple.
There are only two. Rule number
one: You listen. Number two: You
pass it on.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Clay turns the corner onto one of the main streets of his small town. Lined with shops, a post office, a bank, but no chain stores, it's charming without trying too hard.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Hopefully, neither one will be easy.
It's not supposed to be easy, or I
would've uploaded the damn thing to
Soundcloud.

Clay slows as he approaches the Crestmont Movie Theatre. Glides to a stop, drops a foot, and gazes at the building:

Old fashioned marquee, always missing a letter or two, a tiny box office, just outside the doors. The Crestmont boasts two theatres, that consistently run last month's box office hit.

Clay watches a few patrons queue up for tickets. Then looks through the four glass doors to the concession stand: two candy counters, a soda fountain, a popcorn machine popping.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CRESTMONT MOVIE THEATRE - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

Clay and Hannah behind the concession stand. Clay wears a big, handwritten sign on his chest: TRAINEE. Hannah holding a bag of popcorn under the butter.

HANNAH

Like so. Now, if they ask you if
it's real butter, what do you say?

CLAY

It's butter-based product.

HANNAH

And smile when you say it. I know -- terrifying. The trick is, if they're cute, only put butter on the top. So they'll have to come back out during the movie to get more, and you can chat 'em up.

CLAY

Chat's not really my -- and what if they all come back out at once?

HANNAH

Ah, I see. You're a ladies man.

CLAY

Not if you ask the ladies.

HANNAH

Self-deprecating. Faux-bashful. I like it. I think we're going to get along. As long as you remember I started working here three weeks before you, so I have seniority, which is why I'm training you, which is insane if you think about it, because I literally just moved here two months ago and have no idea what I'm doing.

CLAY

I think it's going well.

Hannah smiles, studies him.

HANNAH

Do you like it? Here?

CLAY

The Crestmont? I find the various smells fascinating.

HANNAH

No -- this town.

CLAY

Oh. Well. I don't really have anything to compare it to. I've lived here all my life. It's like asking Han Solo how is space?

HANNAH

You're such a nerd. I admire that.
There's courage in being a nerd.

Kat, also in uniform, hurries across the lobby.

KAT

Hannah Baker. Come help me in the
box office. Cute boys in line.

HANNAH

It's a one-person box office.

KAT

Room for two if we squeeze. They
like it when we squeeze.

Hannah hesitates.

HANNAH

I'm training Clay --

KAT

Clay's a freak genius. He can train
himself. They're getting restless.

And she's off. A beat, and Hannah moves to follow.

CLAY

Um, how long do I have to wear the --

He fingers the TRAINEE sign taped to his chest. She grins.

HANNAH

Oh, you don't. It's just something
I made up especially for you. You
were my first-ever trainee.

She winks and hurries away, and Clay watches her go -- then
glances outside to see what got Kat excited, as we

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CRESTMONT MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

Clay, outside, staring at the unfamiliar employees at the
concession stand. RYAN SHAVER (17), a high school poet, sexy
despite his tweedy self-regard, emerges from the theatre.

RYAN

I don't recommend either.

CLAY
(waking)
Sorry, what?

RYAN
Either film. I don't recommend
either. Hollywood pablum. Why we
can't get an art house in this
town, I don't know.

CLAY
Because no one would go?

RYAN
You work here, right?

CLAY
I did. A while ago.

RYAN
With Hannah.

CLAY
Did you know her?

RYAN
No. Why? I mean, why would you
think I did? Not really.

CLAY
You brought her up.

RYAN
(shrugs)
She's a topic of conversation,
isn't she?

CLAY
I guess.

RYAN
People want explanations, reasons.
For something that can't be
explained. By anyone. So none of it
matters anyway --
(breaks off; narrows his
eyes)
-- but you're not going to a movie?

CLAY
No. Just riding around.

With that, he climbs back on the bike and goes. Ryan stands
on the sidewalk, watching him all the way down the block.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A more modest neighborhood. Working class, but in a town where the working class can earn a living. A '65 MUSTANG, cherry red, hood open, two figures bent over the engine.

CLAY

Another breakdown? Or just for fun?

TONY (17) turns. He'd be a greaser in another day, McQueen cool, James Dean sensitive, dark-featured but bright-eyed behind his classic shop-teacher spex. Still waters.

TONY

It didn't break down. We're just --
 (gestures at the engine;
 knocks a flashlight over)
 Damn. Hold on.

TONY'S DAD (40s) pokes his head out from under the hood.

TONY'S DAD

When is it not fun? It's even more fun when it's serious.

TONY

(reaching for flashlight)
 Dad, you remember Clay.

TONY'S DAD

(doesn't)
 Sure. How are you, Clay?

CLAY

I'm well, thank you.

Tony emerges with the flashlight.

TONY

So, Clay, what's up?

CLAY

Not much.

TONY

Just... out for a ride on the completely opposite side of town?

CLAY

I was going to the -- to the library. Thought I'd stop by.

Tony considers him with an odd, not-unfriendly half-grin. Clay has no answer. Tony's dad saves the day:

TONY'S DAD

Wait! I remember you. You stayed for dinner once. Big on "please" and "thank yous."

CLAY

That was me.

TONY'S DAD

My wife was on us for a month to be more polite.

CLAY

Sorry about that. It's ingrained.

TONY'S DAD

Well, make yourself useful, Clay. Slip on in the driver's seat there, and try the ignition for us.

CLAY

Okay. Sure.

TONY'S DAD

If we've got this at the right tension, we'll hear it.

Clay walks around to the driver's side, and slides in.

TONY'S DAD (CONT'D)

Okay, go ahead, flip the ignition.

Clay does and the Mustang roars to life.

TONY'S DAD (CONT'D)

Woo-Hoo! See there, son? Hear that purr?

TONY

It's the same purr it had before.

Clay sees a Walkman on the floor, passenger side.

TONY'S DAD

We've fine-tuned her.

(calling)

You can shut her off now, Clay.

Clay turns the car off, reaches for the Walkman, and shoves it into his hoodie pocket before climbing out of the car.

TONY'S DAD (CONT'D)

I'm about to heat up some leftovers. Care to join?

CLAY

(hands in pocket)

Oh. No, thank you. I should be getting home.

TONY'S DAD

You guys've had a rough week at school, from what I hear.

TONY

(to Clay)

They e-mailed the parents.

CLAY

Yeah, I know.

TONY'S DAD

Usually I delete, but I just --

TONY

It's all fine, Dad. Nothing to worry about.

Tony wanders away, stopping by the passenger window when something inside catches his eye. Clay holds his breath.

TONY'S DAD

Did the girl even leave a note?

TONY

Dad. You can leave it alone.

Tony reaches in the passenger window and looks around, on the seat, the floor, where the Walkman was. Clay holds his breath.

TONY'S DAD

All right, all right. But listen to me, you do something like that to your mother, I will kill you, you understand me? I will kill you dead.

Tony's Dad lets the hood drop with an emphatic bang. Tony emerges from the passenger side... with a wrench in hand.

TONY

Gotcha, dad.

(watches his dad wander up to the house)

No sense of the irony in that comment. None. He's a simple man.

CLAY

I should probably --

TONY

You got everything you need?

CLAY

Uh -- yeah -- I just was on my way
to -- to the library --

TONY

I'm headed to Rosie's. Want a lift?

CLAY

Um -- Rosie's? No, I'm good.

TONY

(nods, studies him)
Okay. See you around.

CLAY

Yeah. See you.

Clay climbs on his bike and pedals away, urgently.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

Clay, now listening to the Walkman, bikes a darker street.

HANNAH (V.O.)

When you're done listening to all
thirteen sides -- because there are
thirteen sides to every story --
rewind the tapes, put them back in
the box, and pass them on to
whoever follows your little tale.

Clay is lost in listening, even as he pedals faster. He
mutters in response, through teeth clenched against the wind.

CLAY

But what -- how'd I get in here?

AROUND A CORNER

Clay takes a wide turn, then stands on his pedals, pushing
hard, as if straining to reach escape velocity.

HANNAH (V.O.)

In case you're tempted to break the
rules, understand that I did make a
copy of these tapes. Those copies
will be released in a very public
manner if this package doesn't make
it through all of you.

Tears are forming in Clay's eyes, welling into his vision.

CLAY
What did I ever do?

DOWN THE STREET

Clay swerves around a double-parked car, hazards blinking --
-- right into the path of an oncoming pickup. HORNS and SHOUTING the pickup brakes and Clay swerves back into his lane. Clay pedals on, still listening.

HANNAH (V.O.)
This was not a spur-of-the-moment decision. Do not take me for granted. Not again.

CLAY
(now choking a sob)
There's no way you could think -- I never took you for granted.

INTERSECTION

Clay shoots right into an intersection, blowing right through a stop sign --

SUDDEN HEADLIGHTS, a late HORN as a sedan is RIGHT ON HIM.

Clay swerves. The sedan JUST MISSES HIM. Clay SLAMS into a parked car, flies off the bike, tumbles over the car, and onto the sidewalk on the other side.

The Walkman flies from the pocket of his hoodie and shatters on the sidewalk.

Clay is still. Prone. Stunned.

HANNAH (V.O.)
You are being watched.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE.

OPEN ON:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Clay sits on the curb, a gash on his forehead, his banged-up bike beside him. He pieces together the Walkman. Hits play.

HANNAH (V.O.)
I almost forgot. If you're on my
list, you should've received a map.

Clay stands hurriedly. Winces.

HANNAH (V.O.)
I'll be mentioning several spots
around our beloved city. I can't
force you visit them...

Clay grabs his bike and clambers on, pedaling away.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Clay tears through the front door, past his parents paying bills at the dining room table, and hurtles up the stairs.

HANNAH (V.O.)
...but if you'd like a little more
insight, head for the stars.

CLAY'S ROOM

Mostly tidy, mostly teenage, a few piles of books and papers, an unmade bed, backpack and contents strewn across it.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Or, you know, just throw the map
away and I'll never know. Or will I?

Clay is digging through his notebooks and binders when his mom steps into the doorway.

MRS. JENSEN
Back so soon?

CLAY
I forgot something.

He stands up, and she sees the gash in his forehead.

MRS. JENSEN
Clay!

CLAY

What?

MRS. JENSEN

Your forehead?

CLAY

Oh, it's nothing --

But when he turns to check it in his mirror, he's a bit surprised by the amount of blood. Wavers just slightly.

MRS. JENSEN

What did --

CLAY

(recovering)

Low hanging branch. I went through the woods. It was dark.

He goes back to searching for the map.

MRS. JENSEN

I'll get the first aid kit.

CLAY

I don't need first aid.

MRS. JENSEN

You're bleeding. You need ointment.

CLAY

Eww. Please don't say "ointment."

MRS. JENSEN

What happened?

CLAY

I told you. Bike. Branch. Skin.

Clay finally spies the map on his desk. Slides it into a notebook, shoves both into his backpack. Surreptitiously.

MRS. JENSEN

Clay. Honey. There's nothing you're not telling us?

CLAY

Never, Mom. I tell you everything about my life because it's so fascinating. I have to go. Tony's waiting for me.

MRS. JENSEN

Okay. Go to Tony's.

She notices his helmet on the floor, picks it up, and hands it to him. He sighs, takes it, goes.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT

Walkman on, helmet not, Clay navigates past an elementary school, steering with one hand, map in the other.

HANNAH (V.O.)

I know, right? A map. Old school, again. No find-a-friend. No Waze. No chance for the interwebs to make everything worse, like it does. Our first red star can be found at C-4.

Clay pushes on, out of the streetlight onto a darker block, while a few hundred feet back, HEADLIGHTS appear. They're distinctive, round in a world of square and angled headlights, two lamps on each side, one large, one pin-point, set wide.

ANOTHER STREET

Clay turns a corner, picking up speed.

HANNAH (V.O.)

We only lived in that house a few months, the summer before freshman year, but it's where we lived when we first came to town.

Clay glances back over the shoulder, sees those distinctive headlights in the middle distance. Picks up speed. Checks again. Then makes an instant decision and a sudden turn

AROUND A CORNER

Pedaling with intent now. Coasts a bit. Checks over his shoulder. The headlights made the turn.

He slows, to let the car pass. But the car matches his pace.

So he speeds up. And the car speeds up.

Clay crouches, giving it everything, but the car keeps up. Another look over his shoulder: bike will never beat car.

Checks over his shoulder at the car, and then all around him for an escape. He launches over a curb onto the grass of a

CITY PARK

Tears across a ballfield, around a shed, and climbs a berm at the inner edge of the park, disappearing into a forest.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

Clay, now in a helmet, emerges from a wooded area and turns onto a town street.

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

Clay skids to a stop in front of the Crestmont. Dismounts and begins to lock up his bike.

HANNAH (O.S.)

You're adorable in that helmet.

Clay turns, blushes. Fumbles with the helmet strap.

CLAY

You mean "adorable" in the "helpless baby animal" sort of way, I'm guessing?

HANNAH

Aren't you afraid of helmet hair?

CLAY

My hair does the same thing no matter what. It just sits there.

She considers his hair. Twirls a few strands in her fingers. Clay tries to slow his heart.

HANNAH

You just need some product. A little effort to style it. Blow-dry it in the morning.

CLAY

And sacrifice my masculinity?

HANNAH

(indicates helmet)
That ship has sailed, don't we think?

CLAY

Forgive me for wanting to keep my brains inside my head.

HANNAH

Yeah, well. You get better use from yours.

CLAY

What do you-- you're totally smart.

HANNAH

You're sweet. I have other gifts. And one day, I'll figure out what they are.

(changes, tweaks him)

Come on Helmet Head. You've got bathrooms to clean.

She turns to head into the theatre.

CLAY

You mean "we've got."

HANNAH

I don't, though.

(over her shoulder)

Oh. Party at my house tomorrow night. Going-away thing for Kat. You're invited, it's mandatory, don't wear the helmet.

CLAY

(hurrying after her)

Cool. Where, uh, where do you live?

HANNAH (PRELAP)

Put your finger on C. Your other finger on 4.

BACK TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET - NIGHT - *BACK TO PRESENT*

Clay, present day, emerges from the same cluster of woods and rolls back onto the street. Map still in one hand.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Move your fingers together. Yay!
You sunk my battleship.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Clay shoves the map in his hoodie pocket. He knows this street now.

HANNAH (V.O.)
 My first house in this shitty town.
 Where I threw my first and only
 party.

EXT. HANNAH'S FIRST HOUSE - SAME

Clay slides to a stop. PAN from Clay to a darkened house...

HANNAH (V.O.)
 Where I met Justin Foley. And where
 all this started.

...and continue back around to Clay...

EXT. HANNAH'S FIRST HOUSE - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

...now in flashback. MUSIC and VOICES. The house is now alive
 with a high-school party. Clay now with helmet, in his hands.

HANNAH (V.O.)
 Do you remember that party, Justin?

Clay starts to push his bike up the drive, then reconsiders,
 stowing it behind some bushes. Tossing his helmet after. He
 smooths his hair, does his best to make it look like a look.

HANNAH (V.O.)
 You were in love with my friend
 Kat. She was my only friend.
 Because she lived next door. And
 because the day we moved in she
 came to the door with a box of
 cookies and the new Morrissey. Best
 friends from track one.

As Clay approaches the front door, Kat and Hannah burst out
 onto the porch.

KAT
 He came! Clay's here!

HANNAH
 I win. Five dollars please.

Kat digs in a pocket for a five-dollar bill.

KAT
 I thought it was an easy bet. He
 doesn't usually do parties.

CLAY
 I do some parties.

Clay follows Kat and Hannah into the house.

INT. HANNAH'S FIRST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crowds of STUDENTS with Solo cups, the occasional bottle.
MUSIC BLARES. Kat shouts over it, to Hannah. Clay trails.

KAT

Last party I saw Clay at? My
birthday. Fourth grade.

CLAY

I still remember that magician.

KAT

Oh my god, he was a heroin addict.
My mother the social worker hired a
recovering heroin addict. He had
the shakes.

HANNAH

Now that's entertainment.

CLAY

And this is your going-away party.
Can't miss that.

They move into the

KITCHEN

Where vodkas, tequilas, and mixers line the counter.

KAT

It's actually bullshit. I mean, I
am moving away, and I do deserve a
party, but I really just threw it
so Hannah could meet some people
before I go.

HANNAH

You've been promising to introduce
me to people all summer --

KAT

-- and you met Clay, here --

HANNAH

-- without your help, at work --

KAT

-- anyway, Justin's bringing Zach.

CLAY

Justin Foley? Is bringing Zach
Dempsey?

KAT

What? Zach's sweet. Okay, he's
dumb, but he's the sweet kind of
dumb, which is the best kind.
(grabs Hannah's cup)
Refills. Clay, what's your drink?

CLAY

Um, Sprite?

KAT

You are priceless. You are a gem.
You'll have beer.

CLAY

Sure, I like beer.

Kat heads out the kitchen door to the backyard. Hannah looks
at Clay. Clay looks at his feet. And sees an untied shoelace.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Shit. Excuse me.

He bends to tie the shoelace, but his fingers fumble with it.
Hannah bends to him, playfully.

HANNAH

Can I tie that for you?

CLAY

I'm good. Just, you know, cold
fingers?

HANNAH

In August?

Bryce Walker comes in to the kitchen and sees Hannah bent
over. He admires the view. Clay watches, still kneeling.

BRYCE

Hey there.

HANNAH

Hey.

BRYCE

You're the new girl.

HANNAH

Apparently.

Kat returns with drinks and assesses the situation.

KAT

Bryce, you better hit the keg and catch up. You're an hour behind.

BRYCE

(grins, to Hannah)
See you later, I hope.

Bryce goes out back. Kat shivers.

KAT

I need a shower. Come on.

DEN - FOLLOWING

Kat leads Hannah and Clay in, handing out drinks.

KAT

He's like fratboy Darth Vader.

HANNAH

(considers her drink)
You know? I might mix myself a cocktail. I'll catch up with you.

Kat eyes her, but Hannah turns and goes. Clay is finally tying his shoe.

KAT

How long it take you to tie that?

CLAY

I was -- cold fingers --

KAT

Not nerves? Though you couldn't you tie it with Hannah around?

CLAY

Oh -- no -- I'm always that way around girls.

KAT

Thank you? What am I?

CLAY

You know what I mean. I'm not good with -- you know -- I mean, the gay rumors only recently subsided.

KAT

But Hannah?

CLAY

It's like, around her I can be different, you know? Like I'm the new and improved Clay Jensen, High School Freshman, Archaeologist-slash-Adventurer.

KAT

Clay. Sweets. You're a prize. But from my limited observation, she has terrible taste in boys.

CLAY

You won't say anything? To her?

KAT

Only if it comes up.

Clay's about to protest, but his IPHONE RINGS. He pulls his iPhone 3 out of his pocket, checks the caller ID: MOM CELL.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HANNAH'S OLD HOUSE - EVENING - *BACK TO PRESENT*

Clay looks down at his iPhone 5s, also showing "MOM CELL." A moment, and he declines the call.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Mrs. Jensen on the landline. Mr. Jensen on an iPad at the kitchen table.

MRS. JENSEN

He declined the call.

MR. JENSEN

He's a teenage boy, he's supposed to decline your call.

MRS. JENSEN

This feels like middle school again. The secrets, the injuries --

MR. JENSEN

It's one injury, and I'm sure it happened the way he said it did. On his bike.

MRS. JENSEN

I'm not sure the laissez-faire approach is the right one this time. We need to talk to him.

MR. JENSEN

No -- you need him to talk, and he doesn't want to right now, but he will, when he's ready.

MRS. JENSEN

But I'm not sure that's true.

BACK TO:

EXT. HANNAH'S FIRST HOUSE - EVENING

Clay sitting on his bike. He steps on the pedals to ride, turning around at the bottom of the drive, hydroplaning through a deep puddle, splashing water everywhere.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HANNAH'S OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK*

FEET splash through a puddle at the bottom of the drive. They belong to Justin Foley and friend ZACH DEMPSEY (15), fellow jock, the taller, slower model.

ZACH

Asshole. These are brand new Filas.

JUSTIN

Good. Get a real shoe.

ZACH

So this girl is hot?

JUSTIN

That's what Kat says. Come on.

He leaps another puddle to cross the lawn to the porch. But the lawn is wet from watering -- the sprinkler heads still exposed -- and Justin's second step slips right out from under him and he faceplants on the lawn. Zach guffaws.

ZACH

Nice one, Justin!

Zach follows him, so careful to avoid the muddy divot Justin made that his plant foot slips out from underneath him. He falls right into it.

JUSTIN

Serves you right, loser.

Justin stands. Zach holds up a hand for help, Justin grabs on -- and Zach pulls him into the mud.

ZACH

Eat it!

Zach tries to stand, but Justin pulls him back down. The grapple -- unaware that Kat and Hannah watch from the porch.

HANNAH

I'm in love already.

Finally Zach struggles to his feet, and Justin pulls himself up alongside. Both covered in grass and mud. The girls applaud and hoot, the boys notice them for the first time.

KAT

Liberty High's star athletes,
ladies and gentlemen! Such grace!

Zach panics, shoves Justin, and takes off toward the sidewalk. Justin gives chase, dragging him down again.

JUSTIN

Asswipe!

Justin gives chase, tackling Zach in the grass, climbing over him. Zach grabs a foot and pulls Justin down in turn. As they both scramble up and away, Justin turns back.

Over his shoulder, his eyes meet Hannah's, and he flashes his perfectly straight, post-braces smile. Then turns and runs.

KAT

Idiots. I can't even.

She goes inside. But Hannah stays, watching Justin fade down the street.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Kat moved away before the start of school, and I fell in love with the boy she left behind.

And through the living room window, Clay watches Hannah.

HANNAH (V.O.)

And that was the beginning of the end for me.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR.

OPEN ON:

EXT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY - CHYRON: FRESHMAN YEAR

First day of school. Streams of STUDENTS. Buses. Bikes.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - LIBERTY HIGH - SAME

Justin and Zach and a few JOCK BUDDIES are joshing and jostling their way down the hallway toward the front doors.

ZACH

So Kat leaves on Friday, and you're a free agent, right?

JUSTIN

She wants to try long-distance, but I hate sexting. I spell shit wrong.

The front doors open to Hannah, long hair glowing in the backlight. She walks past them, with a shy glance and smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Hey. Hannah, right?

HANNAH

(stops, turns)
Right.

JUSTIN

Justin. Foley.

HANNAH

Sure. I mean, I know.

JUSTIN

I saw you at that party Saturday.

HANNAH

Yeah, I -- I saw you guys. Um... briefly.

ZACH

Oh, you mean that freshman party?
Uh, yeah, we didn't want to stick around. We had shit to do?

Justin gives him a look: Really, dude?

JUSTIN

We had to, um --

HANNAH

Totally. My first party at my old school, I sat on a piece of pie. Who puts pie on a lawn chair? I should get to --

She moves to go, but Justin stops her. With that smile.

JUSTIN

Next time, maybe?

HANNAH

You're, um, with Kat -- ?

JUSTIN

Not really. Anymore.

HANNAH

Oh. Well.
(then)
Try a toothbrush.

JUSTIN

A toothbrush?

HANNAH

On your letter jacket. To get the stains out.

She turns and goes. Justin watches her, nonplussed.

ZACH

She's pretty hot.

JUSTIN

You're such an idiot.

Hannah doesn't look back. She doesn't have to.

HANNAH (V.O.)

You were Kat's boyfriend, which was kind of the only remarkable thing about you. But Justin. You were my kryptonite.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - EVENING

At her desk, Kat in a FACETIME WINDOW on her Mac.

HANNAH

Look, I know you thought I should hook up with Zach --

KAT

Zach who? Oh, Dempsey. Sorry, love, I'm learning all these new boy names, I've dragged most of the old ones to the trash icon in my head.

HANNAH

Yeah, so, anyway, Zach is, um, nice and all that --

KAT

But you're into Justin.

HANNAH

I'm evil.

KAT

Hardly. He's jock crack. I get it. He's all yours.

HANNAH

No -- I would never --

KAT

Seriously. I've moved on, times two thousand miles, and I'm dating hipsters now. He's all yours.

INT. SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICE - MORNING - FRESHMAN YEAR

Hannah at a counter before a computer, entering attendance sheets. She finishes the last, then steals a look over her shoulder. Taps at the keyboard.

ON SCREEN

A class schedule. The name at the top: JUSTIN FOLEY.

HANNAH

Hits control-P, and hurries over to a printer as it blinks to life. She grabs the printout and slips it into her backpack.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

Hannah walks casually past a classroom door. Stops. Walks back the other way, turns, and does the casual walk again. She's rehearsing.

She checks the clock. Rehearses again, and one more time -- but this time she's caught mid-rehearsal by the BELL. STUDENTS begin to emerge from the classroom.

Flustered, she takes a few steps as if to run away, then hurries back to position, then saunters toward the door.

Justin emerges and she bumps into him.

HANNAH
Careful there!

JUSTIN
Oh, hey! Sorry. I hate that class.

HANNAH
Let me guess, Geometry with Baitz?

JUSTIN
You have him too?

HANNAH
5th period. The worst ten hours of
my day.
(checks nonexistent watch)
Speaking of. Gotta go.

She hurries away as Justin grins after her.

HANNAH (V.O.)
When I asked my mom how to get a
boy's attention, she said, "Play
hard to get."

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL/BUS LOOP - DAY

End of the day. Students dragging packs, books, friends.

HANNAH (V.O.)
So that's what I did.

Clay heads down the steps as Hannah catches up.

HANNAH
Clay! Clay! Can you e-mail me your
French notes? I don't understand a
damn thing Madame Steinberg says.

CLAY
Sure. Soon as I get home --

HANNAH
Wait. Walk with me a few.

She links her arm in Clay's and pulls him toward the front drive. A ragtop BMW, top down, screeches to a stop. Justin in the passenger seat, Zach driving, JOCKS in back.

JUSTIN
Ride home?

HANNAH
Thanks but no. My chariot awaits.
(indicates a school bus)
Bye, Clay. See you, Justin.

She hurries toward a bus. A quick look back to Justin before she climbs aboard. Clay observes the exchange closely.

JUSTIN
(to Zach)
Hold it.
(jumps out of the car)
You guys go.

ZACH
No way. The bus?

JUSTIN
Dude. Freshman. Wants it. Do the math.

Clay watches Justin board the bus, then heads for his bike.

I/E. SCHOOL BUS - AFTERNOON - FOLLOWING

Justin climbs aboard and finds Hannah toward the back, on the aisle. Nods at the empty window seat.

JUSTIN
That seat taken?

HANNAH
You don't take the bus.

JUSTIN
I don't? Then I guess it's your lucky day.

She demurely turns her legs and lets him sit by the window.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
So where does this one go?

HANNAH
No clue. Oh no! I forgot my geometry book. Wait here.

JUSTIN
Wait -- I've got mine -- oh, no, I don't.

Before he can react, she's gone, up the aisle and out the door, just before it closes. The bus pulls out as Justin wrestles the window open and sticks his head out.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Hannah Baker!

HANNAH
(waving)
See you tomorrow!
(after he's gone)
Handsome.

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - FRESHMAN YEAR

SERIES OF SHOTS.

Hannah trying out different voices and outfits as she rehearses her phone number. First, sunglasses, a scarf, a blouse: Audrey Hepburn glamour.

HANNAH
611-978-1598.

Forever 21 retro waif, with hat and dangly earrings.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
611-978-1598.

Preppy: popped collar, headband, pearl necklace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
611-978-1598.

Hannah as Hannah. She didn't mean it to be a look, but she catches herself as herself, and tries the number that way.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
611-978-1598.

She smiles in the mirror. This one'll work.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - FRESHMAN YEAR

Hannah exits her classroom. Justin leans against the locker. She sees him, but walks away.

JUSTIN
Hey. Hannah!

HANNAH
Oh. I didn't see you there.

JUSTIN
You totally did.

HANNAH
How do you know what I see and
don't see? I could have cataracts.
Everything could be closing in.

JUSTIN
I saw you see me.

HANNAH
That's deep.

JUSTIN
Your eyes lit up.

HANNAH
You don't lack confidence, do you?

JUSTIN
You don't have geometry with Mr.
Baitz fifth period.

HANNAH
You did research.

JUSTIN
No. Yes. I mean... Maybe.

HANNAH
I like it. It shows initiative.

JUSTIN
So maybe I could, like, get your
number, or something?

HANNAH
Or something? So, I could give you
my number, or I could give you some
fake nuclear launch codes?

JUSTIN
I'll just take your number.

HANNAH
611-978-1598

Justin dials the number into his phone, fingers fumbling with
nerves. Which he tries to play off.

JUSTIN
611...978...15...

HANNAH
98. Use it sometime.

She goes. He finishes. Then catches Clay watching closely.

JUSTIN
Better luck next time, kid.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON - FRESHMAN YEAR

Varsity basketball game. Two TEAMS, CHEERLEADERS, and STUDENTS and PARENTS filling the stands. Hannah is five rows up as Clay treads the stairs, popcorn in hand.

HANNAH
(calls)
Jensen. Clay Jensen. Aren't you going to say hello?

CLAY
Why should I say hello?

HANNAH
You always say hello. Did you get lost looking for the library?

CLAY
Coach Patrick assigned the game for History homework. So...

HANNAH
(indicates seat)
So sit. You always stand and fidget, it makes me anxious.

CLAY
(sits, offers)
Popcorn?

HANNAH
You know they just sweep that shit up and reuse it at the next game, right?

Clay considers the popcorn, shrugs, and keeps eating it.

CLAY
I didn't figure you for a sports person.

HANNAH
I'm trying to get the complete high school experience.

A whistle blows, a HORN sounds, and the teams break for a time out. Justin jogs from the floor to the huddle.

CLAY
Is that -- ?

HANNAH
Justin? Yeah.

CLAY
But he's a sophomore.

HANNAH
He's 6-2, he's got a sweet jump shot, he handles the ball and plays tough D. All of which apparently makes him impressive in a society with its priorities all out of whack.

Another HORN. The huddle breaks. Justin looks up in the stand and gives Hannah a head nod. She gives a slight wave back. But Clay notices, as do most of the girls around Hannah.

CLAY
Yeah, it's pretty impressive.

HANNAH
Oh don't be jealous, Clay. You'll fill out. Someday. Maybe. Is your dad also thin and nervous?

The crowd leaps to its feet and roars. Hannah and Clay, startled, look at each other and laugh.

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - FRESHMAN YEAR

Hannah on her bed, sort of doing homework. Her phone PINGS. She checks the text:

JUSTIN: Hey.

She reacts, then recovers her dignity, counts to ten, and texts back:

HANNAH Oh... hey.

And then she watches the dreaded thinking dots for what seems like an hour. Rolls her eyes: C'mon, dude. Until:

JUSTIN: What up?

HANNAH: Homework. Sorta. U?

The swoop of the departing text brings Mrs. Baker into the room.

MRS. BAKER

Hannah? You know I don't want you on the phone when there's homework.

HANNAH

I'm using the calculator.
(another PING)
And helping a friend with homework.

MRS. BAKER

Do I know this friend?

HANNAH

Do you know any of them?

Her phone RINGS. She glances: FACETIME CALL: JUSTIN.

MRS. BAKER

More homework?

HANNAH

We're working on this math problem.

She answers. Justin looks hot even on Facetime. But Mrs. Baker snatches the phone.

MRS. BAKER

Hello --
(finds name on screen)
-- Justin. Hannah is doing her homework.

JUSTIN

Oh, uh, hey, Miz Baker. Yeah, we're, uh, working on a... math problem.

Hannah celebrates privately. Mrs. Baker is not entirely convinced, but:

MRS. BAKER

All right, then. Let me know if I can help.

She hands the phone back to Hannah, and retreats, but leaves the door open a crack. Hannah rushes over, closes the door and uses her body as a guard.

HANNAH
(into the phone)
So. Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUSTIN'S ROOM - SAME

Justin with Hannah on his Facetime.

JUSTIN
Hey.

Silence.

HANNAH
You needed help with a math
problem?

JUSTIN
No, I just said that to --

HANNAH
(loudly enough)
Because I've got homework of my
own, Justin. I can't just talk on
the phone all afternoon.

JUSTIN
Oh. I'll call back.

HANNAH
(really, Justin?)
No! I mean -- which problem did you
need help with? The one about...
uh, the trains?

JUSTIN
The trains?

HANNAH
Two trains leave at different
times. But when do they meet?

JUSTIN
Oh. Ohhh! Yeah. Uh. Train A is
leaving my house in a few minutes.
Train B is leaving your house...

HANNAH
In fifteen minutes.

JUSTIN

Fifteen minutes seems awfully slow
for two trains going full speed.

Hannah tries to compose herself. Whispers into the phone.

HANNAH

Eisenhower Park at the bottom of
the rocket slide!

Hannah ends the call and silently squeals with delight.

HANNAH (V.O.)

I know what you're all thinking.
Hannah Baker is a slut. Ooops. Did
you catch that? I said, "Hannah
Baker is." Can't say that anymore.

EXT. EISENHOWER PARK - NIGHT - *FLASHBACK AND PRESENT*

Hannah and Justin play on the merry-go-round. He pushes with
one foot, making it spin faster and faster. She screams, then
laughs, then he hops aboard, carefully making his way over.

ACROSS FROM THE PARK

Present-day Clay sits on his bike. He's listening to the
Walkman.

HANNAH (V.O.)

I dreamed our first kiss would take
place in the park. I never told you
that.

Over Clay's shoulder, we see the park he's looking at is
empty. And then Hannah and Justin appear, FADE INTO VIEW, at
the top of the slide.

HANNAH (V.O.)

The dream starts with me at the top
of the rocket, holding on to the
steering wheel. It's still a
playground rocket, but every time I
turn the wheel to the left or
right, the trees lift up like
they're taking flight.

Justin slides down the slide, dismounting with a somersault.
Hannah claps. Clay watches from the curb.

HANNAH (V.O.)

And I'm scared, because I don't
know how to fly, but you're there
at the bottom of the slide to catch
me when I fall...

Justin snaps a few pictures as Hannah slides down the slide.
At the bottom, he catches her. They kiss.

HANNAH (V.O.)

And that's all that happened. We
kissed.

Still in their romantic embrace, they FADE FROM VIEW. Clay
looks down at the Walkman -- the tape almost all unspooled.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Why? Did you hear something else?

AT THE SLIDE

Hannah is sliding down again, but this time Justin bends to
meet her, pinning her against the slide with a kiss. She
grabs his hand and puts it on her thigh, then guides his hand
up the leg, under her skirt.

CLAY

Shuts his eyes tightly.

JUSTIN

Forces himself on Hannah. She does not object.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Nope. We just kissed.

AT THE SLIDE

Hannah slides down the slide again, and this time, like the
first, Justin catches her and folds her in a gentle kiss.

CLAY

Watches as again they fade from view. A HORN behind him wakes
him with a start. He turns.

Tony in the Mustang. Headlights trained on Clay -- two on
each side, one large, one pin-point. The same ones that have
been following Clay.

Clay reacts slowly, then suddenly, jamming the Walkman into
his hoodie pocket, pulling off the earphones.

CLAY

Hey. Tony.

TONY

(not accusingly)

Hey. Is that my Walkman?

CLAY

Uh, yeah -- I meant to ask you --

TONY

No sweat. Careful listening while you ride, though. You might not hear who's behind you.

CLAY

Right. Thanks.

Tony guns the engine. Looks long at Clay.

TONY

Eisenhower Park. That must mean you're about ready for side two.

Clay's mouth drops open. Tony drives away.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE.

OPEN ON:

EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Late. The neighborhood dead silent. Clay rolls up to the garage door, puts a hand on it to open it, but changes his mind. Stows his bike in the bushes beside the house.

HANNAH (V.O.)
So what did you want to hear?

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - FOYER - FOLLOWING

Clay gingerly opens and steps through the front door. Looks to the living room, where his mom sits, upright but asleep, in a pool of light, a New Yorker magazine as her blanket.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Because I've heard so many stories
that I don't know which one is the
most popular.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - CLAY'S ROOM - FOLLOWING

Clay lying in bed, wide awake. Turns over to try to sleep. Flops back, unsuccessful. Finally reaches over to his nightstand and grabs the Walkman.

He sits up on the edge of the bed. Inspects the tape in the window. Side A not yet completely unspooled. He puts the earbuds in, presses play.

HANNAH (V.O.)
But I do know which is the least
popular. The truth. Now, the truth
is the one you won't forget.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Clay steps through the front doors, alert to everything around him. No more looking at his shoes, he checks the faces of every person he passes.

HANNAH (V.O.)
So thank you, Justin. Sincerely. My
very first kiss was wonderful.

Justin Foley. He emerges from the office just as Clay passes, and they lock gazes for a moment. Justin moves down the hall the other way, Clay turns to watch him, and we

FLASH BACK TO:

FRESHMAN YEAR

Justin, younger, in letter jacket, continues down the hall to join Zach and a few others by his locker. He's showing them something on his phone. They slap him on the back, he grins, but we can't hear them.

Hannah approaches from down the hall, just as Justin mutters something and the jocks burst into laughter. They see Hannah, and they stop, and fall silent, and just watch her.

Hannah looks at Justin, but he gives her nothing, and she keeps walking. Once she's past, they whisper to each other, check the phone again, look back to her. As if comparing. She doesn't turn, but we see her face, and she feels their gaze.

She goes to her locker, which is indeed adorned with stickers and pictures, like the others. Twirls the lock, opens the door, and just hides behind it for a while.

When she emerges, she looks down the hall. Justin and friends are gone, but Clay is at his locker. He smiles at her, she gives him a brief smile back, and on Clay we cut

BACK TO PRESENT:

Clay at his locker, looking at Hannah's empty locker. Where TYLER DOWN (16) is trying to see inside the vents. Bespectacled, intense, two cameras hanging around his neck, he slides a thin ruler into the bottom crack of the locker.

Clay approaches, and Tyler pulls the locker out.

TYLER

I was-- she had a picture. That I need. For yearbook.

CLAY

(studies him)
So print another one.

Abruptly, Tyler turns and hurries away. Clay watches as he slips into a classroom. On Tyler we

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. PEER COMMUNICATIONS CLASSROOM - DAY - FRESHMAN YEAR

Tyler, younger, slips into the classroom. Most of the class is assembled as the BELL RINGS. Justin, Zach, and a few JOCKS and a CHEERLEADER sit near the back. Hannah hurries in, and slips into her desk, just in time to overhear them:

JUSTIN

Yeah. All the way up her skirt.

ZACH

Holy shit. So did you...?

JUSTIN

Total fingerbang. She was so loose
I had almost my whole hand up in
there.

JOCK

No way. Don't believe you.

Hannah turns, just as Justin finishes something with his phone and slides it into his pocket.

CHEERLEADER

Justin, shut up. That's totally
gross. And she's disgusting.

Hannah turns back, her face burning.

MRS. BRADLEY

Today we're discussing ways to
navigate difficult interactions.

Somewhere in the classroom a phone PINGS. Then another.

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)

People. Please at least give a nod
in the direction of our no-devices
rule.

A few more PINGS and vibratory BUZZES before students start to silence their phones -- and check the screens.

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)

We're talking about how to address
conflicts with our peers. How we
can communicate more effectively...
(tries a joke)
...without the use of emojis.

Clay's own phone BUZZES in his pocket. As other students snicker and gasp at their own, finally, he pulls his out, and looks at it, tucked under the desk...

MRS. BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I need two volunteers for a little
role-playing exercise.

...and sees an Instagram alert on his home screen. Slides his thumb -- and it's an pic of Hannah, sliding down the slide, her skirt caught on the slide and pulled up above her waist.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Eventually, as they always do, the
rumors reached me.

He throws a glance at Hannah, and sees tears welling up in her eyes. He quickly looks away, but she catches him looking.

HANNAH (V.O.)
And as everyone knows, you can't
disprove a rumor.

CLOSE on Clay, regret in his eyes, we move

BACK TO PRESENT:

Clay looks back in Hannah's direction, and her desk is empty. Once again, Mrs. Bradley is discussing something else entirely in exactly the same tone.

MRS. BRADLEY
We'll continue our discussion of
non-verbal signals tomorrow...

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA/LUNCH - DAY - PRESENT

Tony sits in the back corner of the cafeteria. He is reading a weathered copy of Kerouac's On the Road and eating a sack lunch. Clay charges up to the table.

CLAY
What did you do to her?

TONY
Hey, Clay.

CLAY
What's the deal? How do you fit in
to all of this?

TONY
I'm not on the tapes, if that's
what you're asking.

CLAY
Did you help her do it?

TONY
(dead calm)
No. I did not.

CLAY
Did you know she was going to?

TONY
No.

CLAY
Then how the hell --

TONY
Listen to the tapes.

CLAY
Is that all I'm gonna get?

It is.

TONY
Hannah wanted it done like this.

CLAY
How do you know?

TONY
Listen to the tapes.

CLAY
What if I don't? What if I can't?

TONY
Then it'll only get worse.

CLAY
Worse than Hannah being dead?

Tony doesn't give him an answer. He gathers his lunch to go.

TONY
Keep listening, Clay.

CLAY
Am I side two?

Tony shoots him a look that's not without sympathy -- but then he walks away. Clay slumps into a chair. On Clay we

FLASH BACK TO:

FRESHMAN YEAR

HANNAH (O.S.)
Hey, Helmet. Can I eat with you?

Clay looks around the cafeteria and sees people watching him and Hannah. There are whispers.

CLAY
I've got Geometry homework --

HANNAH
I don't mind.

She sits, and the rest of the cafeteria goes back to what they were doing, though still keeping an eye on Clay.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
So... Peer Communications. Really?
Mrs. Bradley doesn't have a clue
what it's like to be our age.
(mimicking)
"I find it's best to confront the
issue head on. Pardon me, but you
really hurt my feelings."

CLAY
I thought she had some good ideas.

HANNAH
Have you ever in your life been
able to confront an issue head on?
Have you ever even had an issue?

CLAY
Yes. Kind of. Maybe. Or, I don't
know. I guess being socially
awkward has its advantages.

HANNAH
I don't think you're socially
awkward at all. I think you're just
scared. I think you're waiting.

CLAY
(sharply)
Sometimes it's better to wait.

Hannah is taken aback.

HANNAH
Wow. Okay. Meaning what?

CLAY

Just that -- nothing -- I mean --

She stands and picks up her tray.

HANNAH

Pardon me, but you really hurt my feelings.

She walks away.

CLAY

Hannah.

But he doesn't go after her, or try very hard to get her back. After all, all eyes in the cafeteria are on him.

HANNAH (V.O.)

A rumor based on a kiss started a reputation that other people believed in and reacted to.

HALLWAY - FOLLOWING

Hannah hurries down the hall. Hugs her books to her. If people weren't looking at her before, they are now. More phones. Someone snaps a pic, not as sneakily as they think.

HANNAH (V.O.)

A rumor based on a kiss ruined a memory that I hoped would be special.

We move from Hannah to the faces watching her...

BACK TO:

PRESENT

...and from the faces watching him we land on Clay. Walking the hall like a gauntlet.

INT. COACH PATRICK'S HISTORY CLASS - DAY - PRESENT

Students watching *Schindler's List*. COACH PATRICK (40's), not quite in shape, not quite qualified to be teaching history either, flips through Sports Illustrated at his desk. When he sees Mr. Porter he quickly hides the magazine.

COACH PATRICK

As you can see, the Nazis were very bad to the Jews. Oh, Mr. Porter! Didn't see you come in.

MR. PORTER

Just need to have a word with one
of your students, Coach.

COACH PATRICK

Have at 'em.

MR. PORTER

Mr. Foley. Can you come with me
please?

JUSTIN

Me? Why?

MR. PORTER

Bring your stuff.

Justin hesitates.

MR. PORTER (CONT'D)

You can catch up with your class
work on Netflix. Let's go.

Justin shuffles toward the front of the classroom. On his way
out the door he catches Clay's glance. It's wordless, but
clear: Clay knows. Justin reacts: You have no idea.

Mr. Porter and Justin leave. Coach Patrick resumes the video.
Two students near the back, near Courtney, whisper.

STUDENT 1

What did Justin do now?

STUDENT 2

They think he had something to do
with Hannah.

STUDENT 1

Like what? Like... killing her?

COACH PATRICK

Quiet down. This is serious stuff.

STUDENT 2

(hushed)

Nah, like bullying or whatever. Her
parents are suing the school.

Clay turns and catches Courtney's eye. She avoids his gaze.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Justin, honey, stick around. You're
not going to believe where your
name pops up next.

INT. LIBERTY HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY -

Vance Joy SINGS "Mess is Mine" as the final BELL RINGS and students tear from classrooms. One among them moves slowly. Clay. He stares down the hall:

Hannah, long-haired and lovely, moving away from him. She looks over her shoulder and gives him a sad, sweet smile. But keeps walking.

HANNAH (V.O.)

I know you didn't mean to let me
down, Justin.

Faces turn and look at Clay. Courtney. Zach. Bryce. Tyler. Ryan. And others. What do they know?

HANNAH (V.O.)

In fact, most of you listening
probably had no idea what you were
truly doing. But you'll find out.

Clay continues down the hall and out the doors.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - CLAY'S ROOM - DAY

Clay sits at his desk. The Walkman on the desk before him, earbuds wrapped around it. He just stares at it.

HANNAH (V.O.)

Turn the tape over for more.

Finally he picks it up. Unwraps the earbuds and puts them in, left, then right. Opens the tape deck, takes the tape out, studies it: The "1" in blue nail polish. Turns it over: "2".

Stares at that "2". Puts the tape back in. Bites his lip.

And presses play.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.