THE FAULT IN OUR STARS

Written by

Scott Neustadter
&
Michael H. Weber

Based on the novel by John Green

May 1, 2012
First Draft
Temple Hill/ Fox 2000
HAZEL GRACE LANCASTER (16) lies in the grass, staring up at the stars. We’re CLOSE ON her FACE and we hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
You have a choice in this world, I believe, about how to tell sad stories.

CUT TO a SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES:

- Hazel and the BOY we will come to know as AUGUSTUS “GUS” WATERS (17) at an outdoor restaurant in some magical place. [They look very much like the perfect Hollywood couple.]

HAZEL (V.O.)
On the one hand, you can sugar coat - the way they do in movies and romance novels.

- “Perfect” Hazel and “Perfect” Gus sit on a BENCH overlooking an incredible seascape in some foreign country. She rests her head on his shoulder.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Where villains are vanquished and... heroes are born and...

- “Perfect” Hazel and “Perfect” Gus kiss in a dark room.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... beautiful people learn beautiful lessons...

- “Perfect” Hazel and “Perfect” Gus fall onto a bed together. They look deep into one another’s eyes.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... and nothing is too messed up that can’t be fixed with an apology and a Peter Gabriel song.

BACK TO Hazel on the grass, still watching the stars. Were those dreams or were they memories? Still unclear.

HAZEL (V.O.)
I like that way as much as the next girl, believe me. It’s just not the truth.

Hazel closes her eyes.

HAZEL (V.O.)
This is the truth.

And EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. We HEAR:

HAZEL (V.O.)
Sorry.

FADE IN ON:
INT DOCTOR’S OFFICE – DAY

The real Hazel is no less beautiful than the one we just saw.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Late in the Winter of my 17th year...

There are, however, some key and obvious differences.

First, you’ll notice the OXYGEN TUBE in her nostrils which help her to breathe.

Second, you’ll notice her hair – which we couldn’t see in the grass. It’s much shorter than the “Perfect” version, the result of someone whose head was completely shaved a few years before.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... my mother decided I was depressed.

HAZEL
I’m not depressed.

Hazel’s legs dangle over the side of an exam table. Her mother FRANNIE (early 40s, younger than she feels) explains to the DOCTOR:

FRANNIE
... she eats like a bird. She barely leaves the house,

HAZEL
I’m not depressed.

FRANNIE
... she reads the same book over and over...

DOCTOR
She’s depressed.

HAZEL
I’m not depressed!

Off her look, CUT TO:

QUICK SEQUENCE, which play over:

HAZEL (V.O.)
The booklets and web sites always list depression as a side effect of cancer...

- A SHOPPING MALL. Filled with TEENAGE GIRLS – gossipping, laughing – being teenage girls, basically. And here’s Hazel. With her Mom. And her oxygen tank. Just another day.
HAZEL (V.O.)
Depression’s not a side effect of cancer...

- HAZEL’S LIVING ROOM. She sits watching game shows in the middle of the afternoon. Her Mom brings her a sandwich. A glass of water. And then a whole host of prescription meds. Hazel eyes them with indifference.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... it’s a side effect of dying.

- A STARBUCKS. Hazel sits alone reading a dog-eared, heavily underlined copy of a novel (“An Imperial Affliction” by Peter Van Houten). She only looks up when distracted by a squeal of delight. A YOUNG GUY has lifted a YOUNG GIRL over his shoulder playfully. He spins her around. Hazel watches a beat - goes back to the book.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Which is what was happening to me.

And we CUT BACK TO:

INT DOCTOR’S OFFICE - SAME

Frannie continues to talk to the doctor. Hazel continues to dangle her feet.

FRANNIE
... some days she won’t even get out of bed.

The Doctor scratches his beard, thinking.

DOCTOR
I may switch you to Zoloft. Or Lexapro. And twice a day instead of once.

HAZEL
Why stop there?

DOCTOR
Hmm?

HAZEL
Keep ‘em coming. I can take it. I’m like the Keith Richards of cancer kids.

The Doctor looks at Frannie who just shakes her head.

DOCTOR
Have you been going to that Support Group I suggested?

Instead of answering, Hazel looks at her Mom.
FRANNIE
She’s gone a few times.

HAZEL
I’m not sure it’s for me.

DOCTOR
If you’re depressed --

HAZEL
(exasperated)
I’m not de--

DOCTOR
(ignoring her)
-- support Groups are a great way to connect with people who are...

HAZEL
What?

DOCTOR
(beat)
On the same journey.

HAZEL
“Journey?” Really?

FRANNIE
Hazel.

DOCTOR
Just give it a chance, ok? For me.

Hazel rolls her eyes, knows she’s lost this battle.

DOCTOR
Who knows? You might even find it... enlightening.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

CLOSE UP on PATRICK (30s, pony-tail). He has a guitar.

PATRICK
... we are gathered here today - literally - in the heart of Jesus.

ANGLE on Hazel who just shakes her head. This is the lamest thing she could be doing right now.

PATRICK
Who would like to share their story with the group?

The basement is filled with SICK PEOPLE. Hazel among them. Most are under the age of 18. QUICK CUTS:
SPEAKER #1
Jillian. 15. Lymphoma.

SPEAKER #2
Angel. 17. Ewing sarcoma.

PATRICK
Patrick. 34. Testicular. It started a few years ago, when I was...

As Hazel watches, bored, and Patrick continues, we hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
I’ll spare you the gory details of Patrick’s ball cancer. Basically, they found it in his nuts, cut most of it out, he almost died, but he didn’t die, and now here he is - divorced, friendless, addicted to video games, exploiting his cancertastic past in the heart of Jesus - “literally” - to show us that one day - if we’re lucky – we could be just like him.

They all say:

ALL IN UNISON
“We’re here for you Patrick.”

Hazel says it the least enthusiastically. She locks eyes with her only friend in Support Group, a blonde kid with an eye patch, ISAAC. He’s also shaking his head.

PATRICK
Who else would like to share?
(no response)
Hazel?

Oh no. Patrick gestures for her to speak. Reluctantly she stands, sighs...

HAZEL
I’m, uh, Hazel. 16.
(beat)
Thyroid originally but with quite the impressive satellite colony in my lungs.

Not much more to say, Hazel is about to sit down.

PATRICK
And how are you doing Hazel?

Hazel has no idea how to answer that.

HAZEL (V.O.)
You mean besides the terminal cancer?
But that’s not what she says. She says:

HAZEL
Alright? I guess...?

Isaac tries not to laugh at this. Hazel sits back down.

ALL IN UNISON
“We’re here for you Hazel.”

Hazel exhales. This is not at all helpful. A few more beats.

PATRICK
Maybe now I’ll play a song...

EXT CHURCH - LATER

Frannie sits in the car in the parking lot, reading from a book, waiting for Group to be over. She sees the church door open and puts the book away. Hazel comes out. Frannie looks at her like “well, was it great?” Hazel just exhales and gets in the car. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

“America’s Next Top Model” is on the TV. Hazel sits on one side of the L-shaped couch, flipping through her novel.

Frannie and Hazel’s dad MICHAEL (40s, kind, doing his best to stay positive) sit on the other side, watching her – but trying not to make it seem that way. After a few beats:

FRANNIE
It’s Friday night.

HAZEL
Hmm?

FRANNIE
I was just thinking... you should call your friends, see what they’re up to.

HAZEL
(disinterested)
That’s ok.

Frannie and Michael look at one another, don’t say anything.

MICHAEL
Wanna see a movie?

Hazel looks up from the book. Sees her parents. Gets an idea.

HAZEL
Why don’t you guys go to a movie?
(off their look)
(MORE)
HAZEL (CONT’D)
You haven’t been out in a while.
Go. Have fun. Take the night off.

Frannie and Michael look at one another again.

MICHAEL
This is a really good show.

Hazel sighs. And just like that, everyone goes back to what they were doing. CUT TO:

QUICK SEQUENCE, which plays over:

HAZEL (V.O.)
And that was my life.

- Hazel watching TV, book in hand.
- Hazel in another doctor’s office.
- Hazel popping pills.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Reality shows. Doctor’s appointments. Eight prescription drugs, three times a day.

INT HAZEL’S KITCHEN – ANOTHER DAY
Hazel and her parents in the kitchen.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And worse worse worst of all... support group.

HAZEL
Ugh. You can’t make me.

MICHAEL
Of course we can, we’re your parents.

Hazel frowns.

MICHAEL
Hazel, you need to get out of the house. Make friends. Be a teenager.

HAZEL
If you want me to be a teenager, don’t send me to Support Group. Buy me a fake ID so I can go to clubs and drink gimlets and take pot.

MICHAEL
You don’t take pot.
HAZEL
See, that’s the kind of thing I would know with a fake ID.

FRANNIE
(beat)
Get in the car.

Hazel mock stabs herself in the stomach with an invisible sword. CUT TO:

EXT CHURCH - ESTABLISHING
A small Episcopalian sanctuary in suburban Indianapolis.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And so I went...

Frannie’s car pulls up close to the back entrance.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Not because I wanted to or because I thought it would help. But for the same reason I did anything these days...

Hazel, oxygen tank in toe, gets out of the car with Frannie’s assistance.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... to make my parents happy.

HAZEL
Are you gonna sit here and wait the whole time?

FRANNIE
Of course not, no. I...
(she totally is)
I have errands to run.

Hazel knows she’s not planning to run any errands. She doesn’t press the issue.

HAZEL
Ok.

FRANNIE
Love you.

HAZEL
Love you too Mom.

HAZEL (V.O.)
The only thing worse than biting it from cancer - is having a kid bite it from cancer.

As Frannie gets back in the car, she shouts to her daughter:
FRANNIE
Make some friends!

Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

INT CHURCH - SAME

Hazel walks towards the elevator. An EXTREMELY SICK LOOKING KID holds it open for her. Hazel thinks better of it.

HAZEL
I’ll take the stairs.

The KID nods. The doors shut. Hazel is reminded - it could always be worse. She turns to go, walking right into:

GUS
Ooph.

HAZEL
Sorry!

A SUPREMELY BEAUTIFUL BOY (we will come to know him as GUS). Tall, lean, muscular, straight short mahogany hair, blue eyes. Hazel has never seen a better looking kid in her life.

GUS
My bad.

HAZEL
No, it’s...

For a brief moment, the Earth stops. They stand looking at one another. Hazel is speechless.

HAZEL
Excuse me.

With the Beautiful Boy watching, a wan smile on his face, Hazel shuffles off as fast as she can, ducking into:

INT BATHROOM - SAME

Hazel catches her breath. Shakes her head. Surprised at herself.

She looks in the mirror. So doesn’t like what she sees. The Earth starts moving again. CUT TO:

INT CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER

Hazel sits in the Circle of Sick.

PATRICK
Who would like to begin?

No volunteers. Hazel catches sight of the Beautiful Boy, sitting next to Isaac. He seems to be watching her, that same flirty smile on his face. She self-consciously looks away.
PATRICK
Isaac, I know you’re facing a challenging time. Perhaps you would like to say something...

Isaac nods, rises.

ISAAC
Yeah, um... I’m Isaac. 17. Eye cancer.
(beat)
It’s looking like another surgery in a couple weeks. After which, well, I’ll be blind...

Hazel tries to focus on what Isaac’s saying but it’s difficult. She still feels the Beautiful Boy’s gaze on her.

ISAAC
Not that I’m complaining or anything. I know a lot of you have it way worse but, still, I mean, you know, being blind’s gonna suck...

As Isaac shares, the Beautiful Boy doesn’t look away from Hazel. Hazel finds this intimidating. And intimidation irritates her. So she decides to play the game with him, meeting his gaze and holding it just as firmly.

A staring contest.

ISAAC
...My girlfriend helps. And friends like Augustus here...

Isaac nods towards the Beautiful Boy who now has a name - AUGUSTUS. He still doesn’t look away from Hazel.

ISAAC
So... yeah. That’s what’s up.

ALL IN UNISON
“We’re here for you Isaac.”

The staring contest continues another few beats until:

PATRICK
And does your friend want to speak?

This causes the Beautiful Boy to momentarily look away. Aha, he’s lost the contest! Hazel smiles, flicks her eyebrows up as if to say “Victory is mine!” He smiles back at her, the most radiant smile on the planet. He turns back to the Group.

GUS
Hi. I’m Augustus Waters. 17. Had a touch of osteosarcoma bout a year and a half ago - lost this baby as a result...
Gus holds up his right leg - a prosthetic.

GUS
But really I’m just here at Isaac’s request.

PATRICK
And how are you feeling Augustus?

GUS
Me? Oh I’m grand. I’m on a roller coaster that only goes up, my friend.

Hazel smiles. Gus catches this. Embarrassed, she stops smiling and looks away.

PATRICK
Perhaps you’d like to share your fears with the group, Augustus.

GUS
My fears?

Gus thinks about this.

GUS
Oblivion.

PATRICK
Oblivion?

ANGLE ON Hazel, intrigued.

GUS
Yeah, see... I intend to live an extraordinary life. To be remembered. If I’m scared of anything it’s... not doing that.

Patrick doesn’t quite have the tools to deal with that.

PATRICK
Would, uh, anyone like to speak to that?

And Hazel’s hand goes up. Even Patrick is surprised by that.

PATRICK
Hazel! That’s unexpected.

Hazel stands, takes a second to gather her thoughts. Augustus watches her, waits for it.

HAZEL
I just wanna say... there will come a time when, you know, all of us are dead.

Gus is now even more fixed on her than before.
HAZEL
It might be tomorrow. Might be a million years from now but... it’s gonna happen. And when it does, enough generations will come and go, there’ll be no one left to remember Cleopatra. Or Mozart. Or Muhammad Ali, let alone any of us, right?

The look on Gus’s face is unreadable.

HAZEL
Oblivion’s inevitable. And if that scares you, well, I suggest you ignore it. God knows it’s what everyone else does.

A beat. And then an enormous smile spreads across Gus’s face, not a flirty smile but a surprised one, a real one. CUT TO:

EXT OUTSIDE THE CHURCH – LATER
Hazel waits for her Mom’s car to appear.

Across the parking lot, she sees Isaac going at it with a redhead, MONICA (17), sucking face like there’s no tomorrow against the door of her green Pontiac Firebird. Between kisses, we can hear:

ISAAC	MONICA
Always.

And Hazel hears:

GUS
Literally.

Hazel turns to find the Beautiful Boy, Augustus, standing right next to her.

GUS
I thought we were in a church basement but apparently we were literally in the heart of Jesus.

Hazel smiles.

HAZEL
Someone should probably tell him, don’t you think? Jesus? Seems kinda dangerous keeping all these kids with cancer in your heart.

Gus laughs.

GUS
What’s your name?
HAZEL
Hazel.

GUS
No your full name?

HAZEL
(confused)
Hazel Grace Lancaster.

Gus nods to himself, smiles. Still fixated on her.

HAZEL
What?

GUS
I didn’t say anything.

HAZEL
Why are you looking at me like that?

GUS
Because you’re beautiful.

Hazel is taken aback. No one’s ever said that to her before.

GUS
I enjoy looking at beautiful people and I decided a while back not to deny myself the simpler pleasures of existence. Particularly given that, as you so astutely pointed out, we’re all gonna die pretty soon.

HAZEL
(beat)
I’m not beaut --

A CUTE YOUNG GIRL walks past them.

YOUNG GIRL
Hey Gus.

GUS
Hey Alisa.

Hazel isn’t surprised that other girls know Gus. Of course they do. She turns back towards Isaac and Monica pawing at each other. She hears:

ISAAC
Always.

MONICA
Always.

HAZEL
What’s with the “always?”
“Always” is their thing. They’ll “always” love each other and whatnot. Must have texted “always” to each other at least four million times this year.

They continue to watch the show. It’s pretty gross. Isaac squeezes Monica’s breast like a clown horn.

HAZEL
He’s gotta be hurting her boob.

GUS
Let’s watch a movie.

Hazel is again surprised.

HAZEL
Oh. Um. Uh...
(yes!)
Sure. Yeah. I’m... pretty free this week--

GUS
No I mean now.

HAZEL
What?

GUS
Hmm?

HAZEL
What do you mean “now?”

GUS
I’ve got a car.

He shrugs. Hazel has never seen someone so confident.

HAZEL
You could be an axe murderer.

GUS
There is that possibility.
(beat)
Come on Hazel Grace... take a risk.

As Hazel mulls this over, Gus reaches into his pocket and pulls out, of all things, a pack of cigarettes! Hazel is in disbelief. He flips the box open, puts a cigarette between his lips.

HAZEL
Oh my god. Oh. My. God. You’re kidding right?
(off his look)
You just ruined the whole thing!
GUS
Whole thing?

HAZEL
What, you think that’s cool? Oh you idiot! There’s always a hamartia, isn’t there? And yours is – even though you had FREAKING CANCER you give money to a corporation for the chance to acquire EVEN MORE CANCER!? Ugh. And you were doing so well.

As she rants, Gus continues to look at her with that smile on his face. Hazel does not find it so amusing.

HAZEL
Let me tell you... not being able to breathe? Sucks. Totally sucks.

HAZEL
Hamartia?

Hazel folds her arms and turns away from him.

HAZEL
A fatal flaw.

Gus takes a beat and then moves to face her, the smile still etched on his face.

GUS
They don’t hurt you unless you light them.

HAZEL
Sorry?

GUS
I’ve never lit one.

Hazel turns back to him.

GUS
It’s a metaphor. See? You put the thing that kills you between your teeth. But you don’t give it the power to do the killing.

Hazel is floored. And impressed.

HAZEL
Metaphor.

Gus holds her gaze. And it’s at this point Frannie pulls up.

FRANNIE
Hi sweetheart. Ready for some “Model?”
Hazel looks at Gus, cigarette dangling from his lips. Cool as anything. Handsome as hell. She looks back at her mom.

HAZEL
Can’t tonight.
(off her confused look)
I’ve made plans with Augustus Waters.

And with that, she walks off. Frannie looks at the boy with the cigarette in his mouth. This could be trouble. Or awesome. Or both. And we CUT TO:

INT GUS’S CAR – LATER

Hazel is terrified. Turns out, Gus is the world’s worst driver. When he brakes, her body flies forward against the seatbelt. And when he hits the gas, seconds later, her neck snaps back in the seat. Gus sees the look on her face.

GUS
I failed the test a couple times.

HAZEL
You don’t say.

GUS
Most amputees can drive with no problem but... yeah. Not me.

HAZEL
I’m surprised you have a license.

GUS
Tell me about it!

Another brake forces Hazel against the seat belt.

GUS
The fourth time I took the test... it was going about how this is going... and when it was over, the instructor looks at me and goes, “your driving, while unpleasant... is not technically unsafe.”

HAZEL
Aha. Cancer perk.

GUS
Total cancer perk.

A few beats of silence.

GUS
So what happened to you?

Hazel takes a deep breath. She’s told this story before but somehow this seems different.
HAZEL
I was 13 when they found it.

And as she speaks, we see it unfold. SMASH CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL BED - FLASHBACK
13-YEAR OLD HAZEL has a biopsy.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Stage IV thyroid cancer.

INT OPERATING ROOM - FLASHBACK
13-YEAR OLD HAZEL on the operating table. It’s a nightmare.

HAZEL (V.O.)
I had surgery first.

INT SEVERAL MORE HOSPITAL ROOMS - FLASHBACK
This poor little girl is taking a beating. And it’s just getting started.
- Radiation treatment.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Then Radiation...

- Having her head shaved by Frannie.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Then Chemo...

- With a PICC line in a chemo chair.

HAZEL (V.O.)
All of which worked for a while.

- A RADIOLOGIST looks at an X-ray. He’s not pleased.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And then stopped working.

- 14-Year Old Hazel lies in bed, struggling to breathe. Frannie runs her fingers through her hair. Dad calls 9-1-1.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And then my lungs started filling up with water.

- In the ICU, her parents standing over her.

HAZEL (V.O.)
That should have been the end.
FRANNIE
(through the tears)
Are you ready, sweetie?

14-Year Old Hazel nods. Michael can’t keep it together any longer. He completely breaks down.

HAZEL (V.O.)
But it wasn’t.

INT ICU – THE NEXT MORNING

The sun shines in the room. 14-year old Hazel eats ice chips, the color has returned to her cheeks.

HAZEL (V.O.)
The antibiotics kicked in. They drained the fluid from my lungs. And in time I got better. Stronger.

INT YET ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Slightly older Hazel is getting more intravenous medication. It’s never ending.

HAZEL (V.O.)
I even found myself in an experimental trial. You know the ones that are famous in the Republic of Cancervania for not working.

- A SECOND RADIOLOGIST examines a second X-ray.

HAZEL (V.O.)
It’s called Phalanxifor. Didn’t work in over 70 percent of patients but, for some reason...

The Radiologist looks surprised.

HAZEL (V.O.)
...it worked in me. They called it “The Miracle.”

And finally, BACK TO:

INT GUS’S CAR – SAME

Gus has one eye on the road, the other on Hazel. He was impressed with her before. He’s totally dazzled now.

HAZEL
Tumors shrank, my mets have hardly grown since...

(MORE)
Of course my lungs still suck but, theoretically, they could continue to suck in just this way for, I dunno, a while maybe.

GUS

Wow.

HAZEL

Yeah.

GUS

So are you back in school or...?

HAZEL

Can’t.

GUS

Why not?

HAZEL

Got my GED.

GUS

A college girl! Well that explains the aura of sophistication...

He smiles at her. She smiles back. Shoves his upper arm playfully. They’re easing into each other.

Eventually Gus’s car pulls into his driveway.

GUS

We’re here.

He’s as good at parking as he is at driving. CUT TO:

EXT/INT GUS’S HOUSE - SAME

Hazel follows Gus inside. She quickly notices all sorts of engraved plaques and framed signs with phrases like “Home is Where the Heart Is” and “True Love is Born from Hard Times.” Hazel looks at Gus quizzically.

GUS

My parents call them “encouragements.”

(rolling his eyes)

Don’t ask.

Gus’s MOM and DAD (40s) are in the kitchen making dinner.

GUS

Hey guys.

GUS’S MOM

Augustus, hi. New friend?
Gus’s parents don’t seem surprised to see Gus with some random girl in their house. Hazel takes note of that.

**GUS**
This is Hazel Grace.

**HAZEL**
It’s just... Hazel.

**GUS’S DAD**
How’s it going, Just Hazel?

**GUS**
(abruptly)
Downstairs if you need us!

Gus drags Hazel to the next room. As she’s pulled:

**HAZEL**
Nice to meet you!

They walk down the carpeted stairs - Gus having an easier time with his one leg than Hazel is with her oxygen tank and weak lungs.

Eventually they arrive at Gus’s basement bedroom. There’s a TV with a video game console, a few band posters, and a whole host of basketball memorabilia (autographed sneakers, school trophies, framed images etc.) Gus sees her looking at them.

**GUS**
I used to play.

**HAZEL**
Must have been pretty good.

**GUS**
These are mine. And these. The rest of it’s just cancer perks.

Gus grabs a DVD from his stack of DVDs. Hazel sits down on the bed, her breathing noticeably heavier.

**HAZEL**
Need to sit.

Gus sits down next to her on the bed.

**HAZEL**
Don’t get any ideas.
(catching her breath)
All that standing... and stairs... and then more standing... lotta standing for me.

**GUS**
I understand.
HAZEL
I’ll be fine in a minute. Unless I faint. I’m a bit of a Victorian lady, fainting-wise.

Gus smiles. He waits for her breathing to slow down. In time:

GUS
You ok?

Hazel nods, smiles.

GUS
So what’s your story?

HAZEL
I already told you my story. I was diagnosed --

GUS
Not your cancer story. Your story. Interests, hobbies, passions, weird fetishes...

HAZEL
Um...

GUS
Don’t tell me you’re one of those people who becomes their disease.

HAZEL
No. I’m just... I don’t know... un-extraordinary.

GUS
I reject that out of hand.
(beat, Hazel shrugs)
Think of something you love. First thing that comes to mind.

HAZEL
“An Imperial Affliction.”

GUS
Ok. What’s that?

HAZEL
It’s a novel. My favorite novel.

GUS
Does it have zombies?

HAZEL
(laughing)
What? No.

GUS
Stormtroopers.
HAZEL
Seriously?
(he shrugs)
It’s not that kind of book.

GUS
Sounds horrible.

HAZEL
It’s not, it’s... kind of my bible actually.

GUS
Interesting. What’s it about?

HAZEL
Cancer.
(off his look)
But not in that way, trust me. The guy who wrote it, Peter Van Houten, he’s... well, the only person I’ve ever come across who seems to a) understand what it’s like to be dying and b) not have died.

GUS
(intrigued)
In that case... I am going to read this horrible book with the boring title that does not contain zombies or stormtroopers. And in exchange...

Gus pulls a book from his bookshelf.

GUS
... all I ask is that you read this brilliant and haunting novelization of my favorite video game.

Hazel looks at the slim, ridiculous novella. She laughs. She’s adorable when she laughs. She takes the book from him and as she does, their hands get tangled together for a brief, charged moment.

GUS
Your hands are cold.

HAZEL
Not so much cold as under-oxygenated.

GUS
Ooh Hazel Grace...
(beat)
I love it when you talk medical to me.

Hazel blushes. And off her completely smitten smile, CUT TO:
INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM – ANOTHER NIGHT

Hazel sits in bed reading Gus’s novella. Frannie stands in the doorway, notices the new book.

    FRANNIE
    That’s different.

Hazel shrugs. Frannie looks intrigued.

    FRANNIE
    Did he give it to you?

    HAZEL
    By “it” do you mean herpes?

Frannie rolls her eyes. Hazel’s phone buzzes. She excitedly checks it - only to be disappointed. Frannie notices.

    FRANNIE
    I’m sure he’ll call, don’t worry.

    HAZEL
    I’m not worried. Please. It’s not like I’m waiting for him to call or anything. I just... we hung out. No big deal.

Frannie says nothing to that. Her silence says it all. Hazel rolls her eyes. CUT TO:

QUICK SERIES OF SCENES:

Hazel continues “not to wait” for Gus’s call. We see her:
- Brushing her teeth. And checking her phone.
- Watching TV. And checking her phone.
- Eating breakfast. And checking her phone.
- Looking out the window on a rainy day. Trying not to check her phone. Willing herself to not check the goddamn phone. And checking the phone.

Where is he?! Did he forget about her?

INT HAZEL’S DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Hazel at the dinner table with her parents. She’s a little sullen, barely touching her food.

Hazel’s phone buzzes. She tries not to seem too eager to check it, what with her parents watching and all. She subtly looks down at her lap. And sure enough: a text from Gus! Her eyes bug out. We see:
“Tell me my copy is missing the last ten pages or something.”

Hazel smiles. Goes back to eating. Frannie and Michael share a quick glance. A second later, there’s a follow-up text.

“Tell me I have NOT reached the end of this book!”

Hazel smiles again.

And then a third text:

“A BOOK CAN’T END IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE?! WHAT IN GOD’S NAME IS THIS MADNESS! AAAAAHHH!”

Hazel now laughs out loud. Michael clears his throat. Hazel looks up.

MICHAEL
Would you like to be excused?

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel sits down on a patio chair and dials the phone. Gus answers on the first ring.

GUS (O.S.)
Hazel Grace.

HAZEL
Welcome to the sweet torture of reading “An Imperial --”

At which point she hears a loud WAIL coming from the other end of the phone.

HAZEL
What the -- are you ok?

GUS (O.S.)
Me? Yeah. I’m excellent.

INTERCUT between Hazel on the patio and:

INT GUS’S BASEMENT BEDROOM - SAME

Isaac’s head is buried in Gus’s couch. He’s wailing like a banshee, having some kind of nervous breakdown.

GUS
(into phone)
I am, however, with Isaac.

Hazel hears more wailing. Has no idea what to make of it.
GUS (O.S.)
(to Isaac)
Dude! Hey! Does Support Group Hazel make this better or worse?

Hazel genuinely has no idea what the hell is going on.

GUS
Isaac! Focus. On. Me.

Hazel waits a few beats for Gus to come back on. Finally:

GUS (O.S.)
(to Hazel)
How fast can you get here?

Hazel thinks about this. And on her face, CUT TO:

INT GUS’S BASEMENT – LATER

Hazel descends the steps. She hears an ungodly moan before she sees anyone. What has she gotten herself into? Gus appears at the base.

GUS
(calling to Isaac)
Isaac, Hazel from Support Group is coming downstairs.

Gus waits for a response. None comes. He gestures for her to follow him into the room. Before he does:

GUS
A gentle reminder: Isaac is in the midst of a psychotic episode.
(Hazel nods)
You look nice, by the way.

Hazel blushes, follows Gus into the room to find Isaac sitting upside down in a gaming chair. Tears are flowing down his reddened cheeks. Empty soda cans and bags of junk food lie around him.

HAZEL
How ya doing Isaac?

Again, no response. Hazel looks to Gus for an explanation.

GUS
Seems Isaac and Monica are no longer a going concern.

HAZEL
Oh I’m sorry.
(beat)
Do you want to talk about it?

Isaac starts to sob again.
GUS
He just wants to cry and play video games.

HAZEL
Fair enough.

GUS
It doesn’t hurt to talk to him, however. If you have any sage words of feminine advice...

HAZEL
I actually think his response is appropriate.

GUS
"Pain demands to be felt."

HAZEL
(lights up at that)
You’re quoting up my book!

Gus winks at her. At which point, Isaac lets out another howl. Gus gestures for Hazel to sit. The two of them flank Isaac. He finally speaks.

ISAAC
She didn’t want to do it after the surgery. Said she couldn’t handle it. I’m about to lose my eyesight and she can’t handle it.

Hazel rubs his shoulder in sympathy.

ISAAC
I kept saying “always” to her. Always, always, always. And she just kept talking over me and not saying it back. It was like I was already gone, you know? “Always” was a promise! You can’t break promises.

HAZEL
Sometimes people don’t understand the promises they’re making when they make them.

ISAAC
Right, sure, but you keep the promise anyway. That’s what love is. Love is keeping the promise anyway.

GUS
That could be an “encouragement.”

It’s silent for a beat. And then Isaac stands up, a funny look on his face.
GUS
Isaac...?

Suddenly Isaac starts kicking his chair across the room.

GUS
Here we go...

The chair lands against the bed. Gus hands Isaac something else to throw, a pillow. Isaac grabs the pillow and slams it against the wall. He dives on it and beings pummeling the pillow like a maniac.

GUS
That’s it! Punch that thing.

And so he does. As he continues to, Gus looks at Hazel, cigarette dangling from his mouth.

GUS
I’ve been wanting to call you on a nearly minutely basis but I have been waiting until I could form a coherent thought in re: “An Imperial Affliction.”

(she smiles)
I can’t stop thinking about it.

HAZEL
I know, right?

GUS
The only problem is the ending.

HAZEL
It is rather abrupt.

GUS
It’s torture! I mean, I totally get that she died or whatever - Anna. But there is an unwritten contract between author and reader and I think ending your book in the middle of a sentence kind of violates that contract.

HAZEL
But that’s part of what I like about it. It portrays death truthfully. You die in the middle of your life, in the middle of a sentence. But I do - God, I do want to know what happens to everyone else.

GUS
Yeah like her Mom.

HAZEL
The Dutch Tulip Man...
GUS
Sysiphus the Hamster...

Hazel beams. Gus totally gets the book. A bond between them.

GUS
Have you tried contacting this...
Peter Van Houten?

HAZEL
I’ve written letters. He’s never responded. Apparently he moved to Amsterdam, became a recluse. Hasn’t published anything. Doesn’t do interviews.

GUS
Sad.
(beat)
Hang on.
(turns to Isaac)
Isaac!

Gus stands and takes the pillow out of Isaac’s hand.

GUS
Pillows don’t break.

Gus hands Isaac one of his basketball TROPHIES.

GUS
You need to break something.

Isaac looks at it, then back to Gus as if asking permission. Gus nods. Isaac holds it over his head and SMASH! The trophy breaks into a million pieces. Isaac almost smiles. Gus hands him another.

GUS
Go to town, my friend.

And Isaac does. Smashing them one by one. Hazel looks at Gus.

GUS
I’ve been looking for a way to tell my Dad that I kinda hate basketball. Think maybe we’ve found it.

Isaac grabs more of the TROPHIES, smashing them to pieces. Gus and Hazel enjoy the spectacle. When there are none left Isaac is panting, standing over the bronze carnage.

GUS
Feel better?

Isaac thinks about it. Shakes his head no. Gus puts his arm around him but looks at Hazel.
GUS
That’s the thing about pain... it demands to be felt.

Hazel smiles. And on her face, we CUT TO:

INT LANCASTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT
Where Hazel is having dinner with her parents.

FRANIE
Dr. Maria called today. The PET Scan is set for the eighth.

Hazel nods. This could be a source of worry but she’s not going to think about that right now. She’s upbeat. And she’s actually eating, which her parents can’t help but notice. Frannie and Michael look at one another, pleased.

FRANIE
I told you Support Group was a good idea.

Hazel’s phone buzzes. “Augustus.” She looks to her parents.

MICHAEL
By all means.

EXT HAZEL’S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER
Hazel lays on the grass in her backyard staring up at the stars. She rings him back and as she does SPLITSCREEN w/ Hazel in the grass and:

INT GUS’S BASEMENT BEDROOM - SAME
Gus (upside down) in bed, a laptop on his chest.

GUS
Hazel Grace.

HAZEL
Hello Augustus.

GUS
So I read it again. And I just kept feeling like... like it was a gift. Like you’d given me something important.

HAZEL
(touched)
You’re welcome.

GUS
On the other hand... we need closure, don’t we?
HAZEL
What we need is a sequel.

GUS
Yes. We need to know what happens to Anna’s family after she dies.

HAZEL
That’s what I kept asking Van Houten for in my letters.

GUS
But he never wrote back.

HAZEL
That’s correct.

GUS
Because he’s a recluse.

HAZEL
Yeee-up.

GUS
Utterly unreachable.

HAZEL
Unfortunately so.

Gus clears his throat, smiles. Hazel waits.

GUS
“Dear Mr. Waters... I am writing to thank you for your electronic correspondence received this 6th of April.

Hazel sits up. Could it be...?

GUS
“I am grateful to anyone who sets aside the time to read my book...”

HAZEL
Augustus!?

GUS
I found his assistant. I emailed her. She must have forwarded it to him.

(Hazel is stunned)
Shall I continue?

HAZEL
Keep reading, keep reading!
“I am particularly indebted to you, sir, both for your kind words about ‘An Imperial Affliction’ and for taking the time to tell me that the book, and here I quote you directly, ‘meant a great deal’ to you.”

Hazel pays attention to every word.

“To answer your question: No, I have not written anything else, nor will I. I do not feel that continuing to share my thoughts with readers would benefit either them or me. However thank you again for your generous email. Yours most sincerely, Peter Van Houten.

You’re making this up?

Hazel Grace, could I, with my meager intellectual capabilities, make up a letter from the great Peter Van Houten?

Holy hell.

Indeed.

Can I... would you mind...

(smiling)
Go check your in-box.

Hazel jumps up as fast as her lungs will allow. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Hazel sits at her computer, Van Houten’s assistant’s email address staring her in the face. The cursor blinks on a blank page. And then Hazel starts writing...

“Dear Mr. Peter Van Houten, my name is Hazel Grace Lancaster. My friend Augustus Waters, who read your book - at my recommendation - just received an email from you at this address. I hope you will not mind that he shared that email with me.”
While Hazel reads the letter, we see a SERIES OF SCENES showing the next several days. They include:

- Hazel and Gus drinking coffees at a cafe. He’s enthusiastically telling a story and she’s enjoying every moment of it.

- Hazel helping Gus become a better driver. It’s no use.

  HAZEL (V.O.)
  “I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind answering a few questions I have about what happens after the end of the book. Specifically, the following:"

- In his kitchen, laughing, trying to make omelettes.

  HAZEL (V.O.)
  “Does Anna’s Mom marry the Dutch Tulip Man; is the Dutch Tulip Man up to something - or is he just misunderstood? What happens to Anna’s friends?

- Watching TV. Their bodies almost touching. But not quite.

  HAZEL (V.O.)
  Lastly, I was hoping you could shed some light on Sisyphus the Hamster. These questions have haunted me for years. And I don’t know how long I have left to get answers to them."

And finally, back in Hazel’s bedroom. She finishes reading this letter into the phone.

  HAZEL
  “I know these are not important literary questions and that your book is full of important literary questions, but I would just really like to know.”

INTERCUT w/ Gus bouncing a ball against the wall, listening.

  HAZEL (reading it aloud to him)
  “And of course, if ever you do decide to write anything else, even if you don’t want to publish it, I’d love to read it. Frankly, I’d read your grocery lists. Yours with great admiration, Hazel Grace Lancaster. Age 16.”

  GUS
Not bad.
HAZEL
You think?

GUS
Bit pretentious. But then again, Van Houten uses words like “tendentious” and... “bacchanalia” so I think he’ll like it.

Hazel smiles, looks at a clock.

HAZEL
Is it really almost 1?

GUS
Guess so.

HAZEL
I gotta get to sleep.

GUS
Ok...

HAZEL
Ok...

Neither one of them want to hang up the phone.

GUS
Ok...

HAZEL
Ok...

They both laugh at this.

GUS
Perhaps “ok” will be our “always.”

Hazel smiles.

HAZEL
Ok.

GUS
Ok.

HAZEL
Ok.

Gus hangs up. We stay with Hazel. Is it really possible this Beautiful Boy likes her? She thinks about it. She’s not convinced. CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Isaac lies in bed, bandages covering his eyes, now officially blind. A NURSE attends to him while Hazel sits by his side.
ISAAC
She hasn’t even visited. Fourteen months we were together. What kind of person...

ISAAC’S NURSE
You’ll get over her Isaac. Just takes a little time. You’ll see.

The Nurse exits the room.

ISAAC
Is she gone?

HAZEL
Yeah.

ISAAC
Did she really just say “you’ll see?”

HAZEL
(shakes her head)
Qualities of a Good Nurse. Go.

ISAAC
Doesn’t pun your disability.

HAZEL
Gets blood on the first try.

ISAAC
That is huge. I mean, seriously, is this my freakin’ arm or a dartboard? Three - no condescending voice.

HAZEL
(lays it on thick)
“I’m gonna stab you with this needle now, so there might be a little ouchie.”

They laugh and then lapse into silence for a moment.

HAZEL
You doing alright, Isaac?

ISAAC
I don’t know. To be honest, I think a hell of a lot more about Monica than my eye. Is that crazy? That’s crazy.

HAZEL
It’s a little crazy.
But I believe in love, you know? I don’t believe that everybody gets to keep their eyes or not get sick or whatever, but everybody should have true love. Don’t you think?

Hazel thinks about it as Isaac presses the button on his pain pump, self-administering morphine.

Gus was here earlier.

(trying to be nonchalant) Was he?

Isaac exhales as the pain pump starts to kick in.

Mmm... that’s better.

The pain? (off his slow nod) Good. Good, Isaac. (Isaac closes his eyes) What about Gus?

But Isaac is already asleep. Whatever he was going to say about Gus is gone. Hazel nods, pats his hand. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Hazel rolls out of bed, stumbles to her computer. She casually checks her in-box and is shocked to discover - he’s written her back!

Holy shit! (reading aloud) “Dear Ms. Lancaster... I cannot answer your questions, at least not in writing, because to do so would constitute a sequel, which you might publish or otherwise share on the internet. Not that I don’t trust you, but how could I trust you, I barely know you.”

Hazel’s jaw hangs open as she reads the next part:

“Should ever you find yourself in Amsterdam, do pay a visit at your leisure. Yours most sincerely, Peter Van Houten” Son of a - WHAT IS THIS LIFE!!!
Frannie races in, clearly expecting a health problem.

FRANNIE
What’s wrong?!

HAZEL
(realizing she scared her)
Nothing. Sorry.

FRANNIE
(confused)
Nothing?

HAZEL
Everything! Look!

Hazel shows Frannie the note. Frannie reads it.

HAZEL
Can we go to Amsterdam? Please?

Frannie thinks about how to respond for a beat.

FRANNIE
Hazel, I... I love you and... you know I’d do anything for you, but we don’t...
(pained)
We don’t have the money. The expense of getting equipment over there – love, it’s just not possible...

HAZEL
(deflates)
No, yeah, of course.

Clearly Frannie feels awful. Which makes Hazel feel awful.

FRANNIE
I mean, I could talk to your father or --

HAZEL
Mom, no. Please. Don’t do anything. Forget I mentioned it.

A beat between them. Frannie walks out, sadly. Hazel sits on the bed, totally bummed now for two reasons.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Guilt is definitely a side effect of cancer.

EXT SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

Hazel and Gus walk together on the sidewalk.
GUS
Just use your wish.

HAZEL
I’ve used it already. Pre- “Miracle.”

GUS
What’d you do?

Hazel doesn’t want to say. Gus realizes.

GUS
Not Disney.

HAZEL
I was 13...

GUS
Tell me you did not go to Disney World.
(Hazel looks away)
Hazel Grace! You did not use your one dying Wish to go to Disney World!

HAZEL
(feeble)
And Epcot Center.

GUS
(hands in the air)
Oh my God!

HAZEL
(defending herself)
We had fun on that trip.

GUS
That is the saddest thing I’ve ever heard!

HAZEL
I met Goofy...

GUS
Now I’m embarrassed.

HAZEL
Why are you embarrassed?

GUS
How can I have a crush on a girl with such cliche wishes?

HAZEL
Wait, what?

The word “crush” has taken Hazel totally by surprise.
GUS

What?

She looks at him. A beat. She quickly looks away, blushing. Gus continues on about Disney but all Hazel can think about is “CRUSH”. She tries not to seem too excited. CUT TO:

INT PET SCAN ROOM - DAY

Hazel, in a hospital gown, is slowly fed through the machine. A TECH explains that she should hold still, try and relax, etc. But Hazel knows. She knows all about these procedures. She’s a pro. CUT TO:

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - FRONT

Gus is waiting on the front stoop when Frannie’s car pulls up. They’re home from the hospital.

He wears an Indiana Pacers JERSEY and carries a bouquet of bright orange TULIPS.

Michael gets out of the passenger’s seat to help Hazel out of the car. Gus rises to assist them.

MICHAEL
Is that a Rik Smits jersey?

GUS
It is indeed.

MICHAEL
(beat)
Man, I loved that guy.

Hazel sees Gus, wasn’t expecting him.

HAZEL
Gus?

GUS
Hi Hazel.
(beat)
How would you like to go on a picnic?

INT HAZEL’S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gus is with Frannie and Michael downstairs.

FRANNIE
Something to drink?

GUS
I’m great Mrs. Lancaster.
Meanwhile, upstairs, Hazel gets ready for the date. She’s put the orange flowers in a toothbrush holder and is putting on LIP GLOSS. She can faintly hear the conversation downstairs.

ANGLE ON Gus sitting on the stairs. Michael next to him.

MICHAEL
You’re a survivor yourself?

GUS
(taps his leg)
Didn’t cut this fella off for the hell of it. Though it is an excellent weight-loss strategy. Legs are heavy!

MICHAEL
How’s your health now?

GUS
N-E-C for fourteen months.

MICHAEL
That’s fantastic.

GUS
I’m very lucky.

ANGLE ON Hazel, checking herself out in the mirror. Seems to like what she sees a lot more than before.

BACK ON Gus and Michael, downstairs:

MICHAEL
Son, you have to understand... Hazel’s still pretty sick. She will be the rest of her life.

ANGLE on Hazel, who can hear all of this. She stops what she’s doing and listens.

MICHAEL
She’ll want to keep up with you – she’s that kind of girl – but the truth is, her lungs --

HAZEL
You ready Gus?

Hazel appears, silencing her Father mid-sentence. CUT TO:

EXT PARK - LATER

Behind the Indianapolis Museum of Art is 152 Acres of Gardens and Grounds. Hazel and Gus walk together.

HAZEL
Is this where you bring all your romantic conquests?
GUS
Every last one.
(beat)
Probably why I’m still a virgin.

Hazel laughs, elbows him.

HAZEL
You’re not a virgin.
(off his look)
Are you really?

Gus picks a STICK up from the dirt. Draws a BIG CIRCLE in it.

GUS
See this? This circle is virgins...

Now Gus draws a much smaller circle inside that circle.

GUS
And this... is 17 year old dudes
with one leg.

Hazel laughs. Point made. He grabs her hand, helps her walk
up a tiny hill. Once up there, Gus lays a blanket on the
ground. They sit, looking out over a rather odd SCULPTURE - a
set of GIANT WHITE BONES where children can jump and play.

GUS
(explaining)
“Funky Bones” by Joep Van Lieshout.

HAZEL
He sounds Dutch.

GUS
And he is. Much like Rik Smits. And
tulips.

Hazel raises an eyebrow at Gus. He’s sure taking this
Amsterdam/Dutch thing pretty far. He removes some sandwiches
and orange juice out of a basket.

GUS
Sandwich?

HAZEL
Let me guess --

GUS
(nods)
Dutch cheese. And tomato.
(she takes one)
The tomatoes are Mexican. Sorry.

They eat for a second, their eyes watching the children play
on the bones.
GUS
How cool is that? A skeleton being used as a playground.

HAZEL
You do love your symbols.

GUS
Speaking of which...

Gus stands up, takes a cigarette, puts it in his mouth. He clears his throat.

GUS
You’re probably wondering why you’re sitting here eating a bad cheese sandwich and drinking orange juice with a guy in a Rik Smits jersey.

HAZEL
It has crossed my mind.

GUS
Hazel Grace, like so many before you – and I say this with great affection – you spent your Wish... moronically.

HAZEL
I was thir--

GUS
Hush! I’m in the midst of a grand soliloquy here.

HAZEL
Sorry. Please, continue...

GUS
You were young. Impressionable. The Grim Reaper staring you in the face. And the fear of dying with your one true Wish left ungranted led you to rush into making one you didn’t really want, for how could little Hazel Grace, having never read “An Imperial Affliction” ever know that her one TRUE wish was to visit Mr. Peter Van Houten in his Amsterdaman exile.

Hazel nods in agreement.

GUS
If you were smart, you would have saved your wish til the time in your life when you really knew your true self.
Gus stops talking. Hazel is confused.

HAZEL
But I... didn’t save it.

Gus smiles.

GUS
Good thing I saved mine.

Hazel cocks her head to one side. What is he talking about?

GUS
Got it in exchange for the leg.
(beat)
And I still have it.

She starts to realize.

HAZEL
Are you saying --

GUS
I’m not gonna give you my Wish or anything. But I too have an interest in meeting Peter Van Houten and it wouldn’t make much sense to meet him without the girl who introduced me to his book, now would it?
(Hazel’s eyes widen)
I talked to the Genies and they’re in total agreement.
(beat)
We leave on May third.

Hazel is so excited that she grabs Gus and pulls him into a hug. Their faces close, lips inches apart, and just when it looks like something might happen --

HAZEL
Wait a minute.
(beat)
Are you only doing this so I’ll kiss you?

A beat. Gus blinks a few times.

HAZEL
Cause I’d totally kiss you either way.

And kiss him she does. He’s surprised. And when it’s over, they sit back, look at one another. A magic moment.

HAZEL
Seriously... why are you doing this?
Because Hazel Grace... I found my Wish.

And Hazel is beyond touched. We hear:

FRANNIE (OVERLAP)
Are you out of your mind?

INT HAZEL’S UTILITY ROOM – DAY
Frannie folds laundry while Hazel pleads her case.

FRANNIE
It’s too much, Haze. We can’t accept something like that from a virtual stranger.

HAZEL
He’s not a stranger.

FRANNIE
Really?

HAZEL
Don’t be gross.

FRANNIE
It’s still “no,” I’m afraid.

HAZEL
Can we at least ask Dr. Maria?

INT DOCTOR’S OFFICE – ANOTHER DAY
Where Hazel’s oncologist DR. MARIA shakes her head.

DR. MARIA
That’s out of the question.

HAZEL
You said the PET scan was encouraging!

DR. MARIA
The PET scan is encouraging. We just don’t know how long it’ll stay that way. What if you get sick in a foreign country?

HAZEL
They have doctors in Amsterdam. And cancer. Someone will know what to do.
Be that as it may, without someone familiar with your particular case, I can’t --

(turns to her Mom)
So you’ll come too.

What?

The Genies can hook it up. They’re loaded.

I --

You’ve never been to Amsterdam, have you Mom?

And judging from her face, seems she’d kinda like to. Dr. Maria looks at Frannie, shrugs – kid’s got a point.

Hazel smiles. And on that smile, we SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

Over which, we HEAR:

HAZEL (V.O.)
And then this happened.

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

[Note: There’s no sound in this sequence. Just images.]

Hazel wakes up screaming in the middle of the night, shaking and holding her head.

Frannie and Michael burst in. Mom grabs her crying daughter, frightened beyond belief, waves to Michael to call for help.

HAZEL (V.O.)
People talk about the courage of cancer patients. And I do not deny that courage...

He leaves the room to do so and Fran stays behind, rocking with her daughter, promising her it’ll all be ok. Whatever nightmare this is, it’s going to end. CUT TO:

INT FRANNIE’S CAR – MOMENTS LATER

Still silent. Michael drives, trying to keep it together. Frannie’s in the back with Hazel’s head in her lap.
Hazel continues to scream in silence, whether from pain or terror, we do not know.

HAZEL (V.O.)
I’d been poked and stabbed and poisoned for years and still I trod on.

INT EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
Michael carries Hazel into the chaotic emergency room. They’re practically running. There’s still no sound.

HAZEL (V.O.)
But make no mistake...

The doctors rally to assist the screaming, crying child. She’s wheeled away from her family who can only watch. We stay with her and WE HEAR:

HAZEL (V.O.)
In that moment I would have been very, very happy to die.

END SEQUENCE.

INT HOSPITAL ROOM - ICU - MORNING
The sound returns. And it’s the sound of a heart monitor.
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. It’s also the sound of a working heart. Hazel has made it through. Her eyes open. A NURSE is there.

HAZEL’S NURSE
Hello.

HAZEL
Hi.

HAZEL’S NURSE
You’re ok, Hazel.

Even Hazel seems surprised by that.

HAZEL’S NURSE
Would you like to see your parents?

Hazel nods. The Nurse goes to get them. Soon they come bounding in, crying and kissing her repeatedly. So much relief. CUT TO:

LATER. Hazel’s bed has been raised up so she can talk to her parents “comfortably.”

FRANNIE
They thought it was a brain tumor.

MICHAEL
It wasn’t – thank god --
HAZEL
So what happened?

FRANNIE
The usual. Fluid in the lungs, preventing oxygenation. They put that in...

There’s a TUBE in Hazel’s side draining fluid into a plastic bladder that hangs off her bed.

FRANNIE
Drained a liter and a half last night.

(That’s a lot of fluid.)

MICHAEL
The good news is... no tumor growth. No new tumors in your body.

Hazel nods. That is a relief.

MICHAEL
We’re all so relieved.

Frannie embraces her daughter.

FRANNIE
This is just a thing Hazel. It’s a thing we can live with.

Hazel nods again. Only in the universe of Hazel Grace Lancaster is something like this just a thing. Meanwhile:

INT HOSPITAL ICU - WAITING AREA - LATER

Here’s Gus, his foot tapping nervously on the floor. It’s unclear how long he’s been waiting there. He sees Michael walk down the hall. Races after him.

GUS
Mr. Lancaster! How’s she doing?

MICHAEL
Better, thank you. Much better.

Gus nods, as relieved as the rest of them.

GUS
They won’t let me in. Family only.

MICHAEL
I’m sorry --

GUS
No I get it. Will you just... will you tell her I was here?
MICHAEL
Of course I will.

Gus smiles. And sits back down. Though he won’t get to see her, he still wants to stay.

MICHAEL
Gus.

Michael really likes this kid.

MICHAEL
Why don’t you go home, get some rest?

Gus looks up. That might be for the best. CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS LATER

Hazel and her Parents sit at a very large conference table along with Dr. Maria and THREE OTHER ONCOLOGISTS - her whole “Cancer Team.”

ONCOLOGIST #1
The great news is... Phalanxifor continues to control your tumor growth.
(beat)
The not so great news is we’re still seeing serious problems with fluid accumulation.
(beat)
So how should we proceed?

Silence. Hazel looks around the room, waits for someone to answer. No one does.

HAZEL
Um, I feel like I’m not the most qualified person to answer that.

ONCOLOGIST #1
I was talking to Dr. Simmons.

DR. SIMMONS (late 60s, white beard, old school) speaks next.

DR. SIMMONS
It’s a strange case. Normally the tumors start resisting the treatment. But that hasn’t happened here - yet.

Hazel hears the “yet” the loudest.

DR. SIMMONS
Unfortunately, the drug may be worsening the edema.
DR. MARIA
But if we stopped it entirely, we’re likely to face even graver dangers.

MICHAEL
So we’re gonna do nothing?

DR. MARIA
That’s what we have to decide. The truth is... very few people have been on Phalanxifor as long as Hazel has. We don’t really know the long term effects.

That comforts no one.

HAZEL
Can’t I just get like a lung transplant or something?

The Doctors look at one another like “who wants to take that one?” Eventually:

DR. MARIA
You would not be considered a... strong candidate for a transplant.

Hazel takes that in, nods, tries to pretend it didn’t bother her. Sensitive Michael on the other hand starts to cry a little bit. He grabs Frannie’s hand.

DR. SIMMONS
We’re trying to prevent endothelial growth while at the same time preventing immunosorbent...

As Dr. Simmons drones on with some cancer gobbledygook, Hazel’s eyes remain firmly fixed on her parents. She hates what she’s doing to them. And seeing them holding hands, crying but trying not to cry - it jogs a memory. CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL ICU - FLASHBACK

We saw this once before. It looks like the end for 13-year old Hazel. Her father is weeping off to the side while her mom stands over her, holding her hand, and asking:

FRANNIE
(through the tears)
Are you ready, sweetie?

13-year old Hazel nods. The doctors get to work. The anaesthetic takes hold and Hazel goes under. But not enough. Cause she totally hears her mother say:

FRANNIE
I won’t be a mom anymore.
She falls into her husband’s chest. And we’re BACK TO:

INT HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM

Hazel comes out of the memory when her parents see her staring at them. She tries to shake it off. Dr. Simmons is still talking nonsense when:

HAZEL  
I have a question.

DR. MARIA  
Yes Hazel.

HAZEL  
Can I still go to Amsterdam?

Dr. Simmons can’t help himself. He laughs. Everyone looks at him. He clears his throat.

DR. SIMMONS  
That would not be wise at this juncture.

HAZEL  
Why not?

DR. SIMMONS  
Excuse me?

HAZEL  
Why not, Dr. Simmons?

DR. SIMMONS  
I --

The doctors are trying to be delicate here.

DR. MARIA  
It would... increase some risks --

HAZEL  
So does going to the mall --

DR. MARIA  
Yes but an airplane?

HAZEL  
They have oxygen on airplanes.

FRANNIE  
Hazel --

HAZEL  
It’s my life, right?

DR. SIMMONS  
You’re Stage IV --
HAZEL
I have this opportunity I may never have again. If the medicine’s working, I don’t see why --

DR. SIMMONS
Because, Hazel.
(beat)
Look, I don’t know any other way to say this... You’re just too sick.

And this is like a punch in the gut.

DR. SIMMONS
I’m sorry.

Everyone feels horrible now. Dr. Maria, Frannie and Michael, and even Hazel. This meeting couldn’t have gone worse. And we

CUT TO:

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY
Hazel parent’s bring her home from the hospital. She looks miserable. It’s clear the last few days have been a big emotional set back. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - LATER
Her parents tuck her in.

FRANNIE
We’ll be right outside.

Hazel nods. Her phone buzzes. She looks at it. A text from Gus that reads: “ok?” Hazel looks at it.

And she doesn’t write back. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S KITCHEN - ANOTHER NIGHT
Hazel sits staring at nothing. The house phone rings. Michael comes in from another room with the phone in hand. Whispers:

MICHAEL
Gus again.

Hazel thinks about it - silently shakes her head, no. Michael says into the phone.

MICHAEL
I’m sorry Gus, she’s asleep.

Hazel stands and goes into her bedroom, clearly depressed.
INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM – LATER

Hazel reads from “An Imperial Affliction.” Her phone buzzes again. “Augustus.” It just says “hello?” Again she ignores it.

And then a second text. She looks at it. “The silence is deafening.” She puts the phone back down.

Hazel’s heart breaks. She can’t take it anymore. She picks the phone back up. She texts the following:

“I don’t know if you’ll understand this but I can’t see you anymore. I mean I want to. I just...”

She thinks about the rest. She writes:

“I’m a grenade.”

She sends the text. Waits.

And then there’s more to say. She sends a second text.

“When I look at you, all I can see is what I’m going to put you through. I can’t have that. I’m sorry.”

She sends that text. Waits.

He writes back.

“Ok.”

Hazel reads it. Writes back: “Ok.”

A beat. Gus responds: “oh my god, stop flirting with me!”

Hazel smiles - she can’t help herself! - but she must. She gets her emotions in check. Puts the phone away. CUT TO:

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE – ESTABLISHING

An ugly day in Indianapolis.

INT HAZEL’S HOUSE – SAME

Inside, Hazel is about as miserable as the weather. The sky - and the circumstances - have cast a grey pall over the day.

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE – BACKYARD

Hazel walks out back. Looks up at the clouds, threatening rain but not yet delivering it. She sits down in the grass, on the verge of tears. She looks at the old rusty SWING SET that’s been in her backyard for years.
And starts to cry. Just for a few brief moments, she lets herself cry.

Then she wipes the tears. Becomes strong again. And makes a decision.

Hazel dials her phone. We hear:

GUS (O.S.)
Hazel Grace!

HAZEL
Hi Augustus.

GUS (O.S.)
Are you crying, Hazel Grace?

HAZEL
Kind of.

GUS (O.S.)
What’s the matter?

HAZEL
I don’t know. I want to go to Amsterdam. And I want him to tell us what happens after the book and I don’t want my particular life and also the sky is making me sad and there’s this old swing set that my Dad made for me when I was a kid. It’s just... everything.

Hazel is on the verge of losing it again. A few beats of silence pass by.

GUS (O.S.)
I demand to see this swing set of tears.

Hazel can’t help but smile and we CUT TO:

LATER. Same backyard - only now Hazel is with Gus. Which makes everything better.

They both look at the swing set.

GUS
I see your point.

(beat)
That is one sad swing set.

Hazel nudges her head onto his shoulder.

HAZEL
Thanks for coming over.
GUS
You do realize... trying to keep your distance from me will in no way lessen my affection for you.

Hazel says nothing.

GUS
All efforts to save me from you will fail.

Hazel looks at him. He’s sure not making this easy.

GUS
Is this about Amsterdam? Cause we don’t --

HAZEL
It’s not about Amsterdam. It’s about me. It’s about...

GUS
Grenades.

Hazel nods.

GUS
I get it. One day you’re going to explode in a huge ball of fire and everyone close to you will die in your wake.

HAZEL
Exactly.

GUS
There’s already two people in your life you’re going to destroy. Why add a third to that list. Am I right?

HAZEL
(nods)
That’s why I don’t have a hamster.

Gus is silent. He can’t argue. They stand there quietly a few more beats, looking out at the swing set. Until:

GUS
We have got to do something about this frigging swing set.

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Hazel sits at the computer screen writing a Craigslist post. Gus stands next to her.
HAZEL
(typing)
“Swing Set Needs Home.”

GUS
“Desperately Lonely Swing Set Needs Loving Home.”

HAZEL
“Lonely, Vaguely Pedophilic Swing Set Seeks Butts of Children.”

Gus laughs.

HAZEL
No?

Gus laughs harder. Hazel laughs with him.

GUS
That’s why.

Hazel looks at him, not understanding.

GUS
In case you were wondering...
that’s why I like you.
(beat, off her look)
You’re so busy being you that you have no idea how utterly unprecedented you are.

Hazel absorbs that. Her feelings for this boy in a tangle.

CUT TO:

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Gus and Hazel watch as a TOWNIE finishes loading the swing set into the back of his PICK-UP. Gus salutes the swing set as the truck drives off.

Then he sneaks a quick kiss on Hazel’s cheek. She shoots him a look. Gus throws up his hands.

GUS
Friendly.

She playfully elbows him away.

EXT CHURCH - ANOTHER DAY

Hazel walks with Isaac out of Support Group.

ISAAC
Do you like him?

HAZEL
Of course I like him.
ISAAC
But you don’t want to hook up with him?

Hazel doesn’t know what she wants.

HAZEL
It’s complicated.

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM – DAY

Hazel is at her computer reading a new email from Lidewij Vliegenthart. Clearly Hazel was not expecting this.

HAZEL (V.O.)
“Dear Hazel, I have received word via the Genies that you will be visiting us with Augustus Waters and your mother beginning on the 4th. A week away! Peter and I are delighted and cannot wait to —

Hazel is confused. She stands and walks into the hallway.

HAZEL
Mom?

No response.

HAZEL
Mom!
(still nothing)
MOM!!

Frannie races out of her room in a towel, dripping wet.

FRANNIE
What is it, what’s wrong?!

HAZEL
Sorry, I... I didn’t know you were in the shower.

FRANNIE
(exhausted)
Bath. I was just... just trying to take a bath for five seconds. What’s the matter?

HAZEL
Did you ever call the Genies to tell them the trip is off? I just got an email from Peter Van Houton’s assistant. She still thinks we’re coming.

Frannie purses her lips and squints past Hazel. Clearly unsure what to say.
HAZEL

What?

Frannie can’t keep a straight face.

FRANNIE

I’m not supposed to tell you until your father gets home.

(beat)

We’re going to Amsterdam.

HAZEL

(still not believing)

Really...

FRANNIE

Dr. Maria called last night and made a convincing case that you need to live --

HAZEL

(yelling)

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!!

Hazel can’t move all that fast to hug her Mom so Frannie comes to her and they embrace. After:

FRANNIE

I’m getting back in the tub now.

When she leaves Hazel grabs her cell phone. ANGLE ON IT.

Hazel sends Gus the following text: “STILL FREE MAY 3? :-)

A moment later Gus responds: “EVERYTHING’S COMING UP WATERS!”

Hazel is over the moon with excitement. She smiles, then tries to calm herself, knowing it’s the best thing.

HAZEL

(whispering to her lungs)

One week, lungs. Keep your shit together one more week...

INT KITCHEN - ONE WEEK LATER

Luggage waits by the door, including oxygen tanks and medical equipment. Frannie makes breakfast as Hazel enters, now dressed and excited for the trip.

HAZEL

Amsterdam!

FRANNIE

Amsterdam!

And a moment later Michael joins them.
MICHAEL
Amsterdam!

They’re all going crazy with excitement! CUT TO:

EXT HOUSE - LATER

Michael finishes loading up the car. Kisses his wife goodbye. He embraces Hazel. She hugs him back and of course he starts to cry.

MICHAEL
(whispering)
I love you. I’m so proud of you.

HAZEL
For what?

Michael lets go of her and wipes away his tears. They look at each other. Unable to help himself, he grabs her for another hug. Hazel lets him, laughing.

INT / EXT CAR - LATER

The car is packed with oxygen tanks, a suitcase for clothes, another for medicines and back-up medicines just in case etc.

Frannie pulls up to Gus’s house. They get out of the car and head to the front door, buzzing with excitement.

As they get close, they can hear a commotion inside. A WOMAN’S VOICE yelling something unclear, followed by:

GUS (O.S.)
BECAUSE IT’S MY LIFE, MOM. IT BELONGS TO ME!

Frannie immediately puts her arm around Hazel and quickly spins her back to the car.

HAZEL
Mom?

FRANNIE
We can’t eavesdrop, Hazel.

Back at the car, far out of earshot, they wait. Hazel unsure what that was about. Frannie politely honks the horn.

A moment later Gus emerges from the house, smiling. A travel bag over his shoulder and a cigarette dangling from his lips.

GUS
(to Frannie)
Always a pleasure to see you ma’am.
(beat)
Hello, Hazel Grace.
HAZEL
Ok...?

GUS
Ok.

HAZEL
Ok.

Frannie doesn’t know what to make of any of that. She just says, when they stop and look at her:

FRANNIE
Amsterdam!

EXT AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING

A SKYCAP helps Hazel, Gus and Frannie with all their bags and equipment.

INT AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

They wait in line for the security checkpoint. When it’s Hazel’s turn she unhooks the plastic nubbins from her nose. Gus places the oxygen tank on the conveyer belt.

Hazel takes slow, careful steps through the metal detector. She seems determined to get through this without any help. But upon reaching the other side it’s clear that even these few steps without oxygen were a struggle.

Hazel holds on to the side of the conveyer belt to steady herself. As soon as her tank reappears she puts the cannula back in place. Still light-headed, Hazel closes her eyes and focuses on her breathing. She catches her mom looking at her, nervously.

HAZEL
(with some difficulty)
Amsterdam!

INT AIRPORT GATE - LATER

Arriving at the Gate area they draw curious looks from the OTHER PASSENGERS: Hazel with her oxygen tank, Gus with his noticeable limp and Frannie helping with the equipment.

A YOUNG COUPLE gets up so that Hazel and Gus can sit.

HAZEL
Oh that’s not necessary.

But they give up their seats anyway. Hazel and Gus take them. We see various Passengers watching. Hazel ignores the attention until a LITTLE GIRL (6, cute braids) appears.
LITTLE GIRL
What’s in your nose?

HAZEL
It’s called a Cannula. These tubes give me oxygen and help me breathe.

The GIRL’S MOTHER swoops in, a little frantic.

GIRL’S MOTHER
Jackie... Oh, I’m sorry.

HAZEL
(sincere)
No, no. It’s alright.

LITTLE GIRL
Would they help me breathe too?

HAZEL
I dunno. Wanna try?

Hazel removes her cannula and let’s the Little Girl try it.

LITTLE GIRL
Tickles.

HAZEL
Right?

LITTLE GIRL
I think I’m breathing better.

HAZEL
Well... I’d love to give you my cannula but... I kinda really need the help.

The Little Girl nods, hands it back to Hazel, who quickly reattaches it.

LITTLE GIRL
Thanks for letting me try it.

They smile at each other before the Little Girl walks back to her family. She waves. Hazel waves back.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)
We will now begin pre-boarding Flight 144 to Amsterdam. For those passengers in need of extra assistance...

HAZEL
I think that’s us.
INT AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel sits in the middle with Frannie on the aisle and Gus at the window. He looks around, antsy.

HAZEL
Have you never been on a plane before?

Gus shakes his head, he has not. And he’s nervous. He pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and puts it in his mouth. Within seconds a FLIGHT ATTENDANT rushes over.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, you can’t smoke on this plane. Or... any plane.

GUS
(cigarette in his mouth)
I don’t smoke.

The Flight Attendant shoots him a look.

HAZEL
It’s a metaphor. He puts the killing thing in his mouth but doesn’t give it the power to kill him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(no nonsense)
That metaphor is prohibited on today’s flight.

Gus nods and puts the cigarette away.

PA SYSTEM
“Flight attendants, prepare for departure.”

The engines roar to life and the plane accelerates towards take off. Gus is getting more worried by the second. He grabs the arm rest, his eyes wide.

HAZEL
Ok?

Gus doesn’t say it back. Hazel laughs.

HAZEL
This is what it feels like to ride in a car with you.

Gus grabs Hazel’s hand as the plane lifts off. He looks out the window – they’re flying! – and then back to Hazel.

GUS
We’re flying! Look!

Hazel smiles at his enthusiasm.
GUS
Holy -- look at that?! NOTHING HAS EVER LOOKED LIKE THAT EVER IN ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY!

He’s adorable at this moment. Hazel can’t resist leaning over to give him a kiss on the cheek.

FRANNIE
(not looking up from her magazine)
Just so you know, I’m right here. Sitting next to you. Your mother.

HAZEL
We’re just friends, Mom.

GUS
She is. I’m not.

Hazel shoots him a look. Gus shrugs - “what, it’s the truth.” Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

LATER. Mid-flight, the plane is dark, Frannie’s asleep. Hazel and Gus watch the same gory action movie. Actually, he watches the movie. She just watches him watch it. He watches it with gusto.

Hazel continues to watch him. Try as she might, she’s falling in love. CUT TO:

SFX: the PLANE touching down. CUT TO:

EXT/ INT AMSTERDAM HIGHWAY - TAXI CAB - MORNING

Hazel, Gus, and Frannie ride in the back of a YELLOW CAB.

CAB DRIVER
Americans?

FRANNIE
We’re from Indiana.

CAB DRIVER
Indiana. They steal from the Indians but the keep the name, yes?

Hazel and Gus share a look.

HAZEL
Something like that.

Meanwhile, the landscape outside is flat and dusty, with dirt tracks and the occasional concrete building. In other words, it looks more like Indianapolis than Holland.

HAZEL
(to the Driver)
This is Amsterdam?
CAB DRIVER
Yes and no. Amsterdam is like the rings of a tree. It gets older as you get closer to the center.

Soon enough, the cab takes an off-ramp and turns a corner and suddenly, it's as if they're transported - not only to another universe but to another time as well.

We see MULTI-COLORED ROW HOUSES lined on both sides of a windy CANAL. HOUSEBOATS float against the edges and everyone rides BICYCLES down cobblestone streets. They're astounded.

INT HOTEL - LATER

Gus helps Hazel and Frannie bring their stuff into the room. We see a WICKER BASKET of gifts - presents from the Genies - welcoming their arrival. Hazel, exhausted, sits on the bed.

GUS
I'll be right down the hall.

Hazel nods, already drifting off to sleep. CUT TO:

INT HOTEL ROOM - HOURS LATER

Some time later. Hazel stirs. Her Mom is seated in a sagging, paisley CHAIR across from the bed reading a TRAVEL GUIDE.

HAZEL
Good morning.

FRANNIE
Actually, it's five o'clock.

HAZEL
How was the park?

FRANNIE
Never made it.

HAZEL
Mom!

FRANNIE
What? I like watching you sleep.

Hazel shoots Frannie a look. Even in an exotic city, her Mom still can't enjoy herself.

FRANNIE
I promise I'll do crazy Mom stuff tonight while you and Gus are at dinner.

HAZEL
What do you mean?
FRANNIE
You have reservations at a place
called Oranjee. Mr. Van Houten set
it up. Very fancy according to the
Book. And romantic.

HAZEL
Mom...

FRANNIE
I’m just saying...

HAZEL
A 16 year old girl running free
with an older boy on the streets of
a foreign city famous for its vice
and debauchery... is totally cool
with you. Is that what you’re
saying?

FRANNIE
(beat, excited)
Let’s get you dressed!

Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

INT HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Frannie opens the door to find Gus in a perfectly tailored
BLACK SUIT, cigarette dangling from his mouth.

FRANNIE
(calling to the bathroom)
Hazel! Gus is here.
(to Gus)
Looking sharp.

GUS
Thank you ma’am.

A few beats later Hazel emerges from the bathroom. She wears
a knee-length, pale blue SUNDRESS. And she looks...

GUS
Wow.

HAZEL
I...
(beat)
Am I under-dressed?

GUS
You look gorgeous.

Gus offers Hazel his arm. She takes it. They’re ready to go.
Hazel and Gus ride the crowded tram through the city. ELM TREES line the canals, their pale petals blowing into the wind like a spring snowstorm.

An OLD COUPLE stands to give up their seats - this happens all the time. Hazel again tries to protest and again it falls on deaf ears. She and Gus sit. They look out the window onto the city. Excited. The night just beginning.

At the edge of the canal, near an ancient bridge. Hazel and Gus are shown to a TABLE right next to the water.

HOSTESS
Your table, Mr. And Mrs. Waters.

Gus pulls out Hazel’s chair for her. A WAITER brings them a bottle of CHAMPAGNE as they sit.

HOSTESS
The champagne is our gift.

Hazel and Gus look at each other. Is this a dream? The champagne is poured and Gus raises his glass.

GUS
Ok.

Hazel raises hers.

HAZEL
Ok.

They clink glasses and sip.

HAZEL
Wow that’s good.

WAITER
Do you know what Dom Perignon said after he invented champagne?
(beat)
‘Come quickly,’ he said. ‘I am tasting the stars!’

Hazel and Gus smile.

WAITER
Welcome to Oranjee. Would you like a menu or will you have the chef’s choice?

Gus looks at Hazel. She shrugs.
The chef’s choice sounds lovely.  
(the Waiter nods)  
And can we get more of this?

WAITER  
We have bottled all the stars for you this evening, my young friends.

The Waiter leaves. Hazel and Gus look at each other. 

GUS  
Thank you for coming to Amsterdam.  

HAZEL  
Thank you for letting me hijack your wish.  

GUS  
Thank you for wearing that dress which is like whoa.

Hazel shakes her head, trying not to smile but unable not to.

The Waiter brings two more glasses of champagne and a plate:

WAITER  
Belgian white asparagus with a lavender infusion.

Hazel takes a bite.  

HAZEL  
Oh my god.

GUS  
Yeah?

Gus takes a bite.  

HAZEL  
I mean...

GUS  
That is just...

HAZEL  
There are no words.

Meanwhile, down on the water a BOAT passes, filled with merry, drinking LOCALS. One of them raises a glass to them and says something in Dutch.

GUS  
(shouting back)  
We don’t speak Dutch!

ANOTHER LOCAL  
She says, “the beautiful couple is beautiful!”
Hazel and Gus smile. This night could not be going any better so far. CUT TO:

LATER. Hazel and Gus enjoying their second courses.

GUS
I want this dragon carrot risotto to become a person so I can take it to Vegas and marry it.

Hazel leans back in her chair, in need of a breather.

HAZEL
I like your suit.

GUS
Thanks. First time wearing it.

HAZEL
That isn’t the suit you wear to funerals?

GUS
Oh no. That one’s not nearly this nice.

(off her look)
When I first found out I was sick - I mean, they told me I had like an 85% chance to be cancer-free. Great odds, sure. But that meant a year of torture, the loss of my leg, and still a 15% chance it might fail.

(beat)
So right before the surgery I asked my parents if I could buy a suit, like a really nice suit, just in case I didn’t make it.

HAZEL
It’s your death suit.

GUS
That’s what it is.

HAZEL
I have one of those. Bought it for my 15th birthday. Don’t think I’d wear it on a date, though.

GUS
Are we on a date?

HAZEL
(cocks her head)
Watch it.

Gus winks. CUT TO:

LATER. Dessert on the table. As they euphorically eat:
GUS
God?

HAZEL
Maybe.

GUS
Angels?

HAZEL
Undecided.

GUS
Afterlife?

HAZEL
No. Well...
(beat)
Maybe I wouldn’t go so far as to say no. I just... I’d like some evidence.
(Gus nods)
What do you think?

GUS
Absolutely.

HAZEL
Really?

GUS
Oh for sure. I mean, not like a heaven where you ride unicorns, play harps, and live in a mansion made of clouds but, yeah, I believe in something.

Hazel is surprised.

GUS
Something becomes of us. It has to. Otherwise what’s the point?

HAZEL
Maybe there is no point.

GUS
I refuse to accept that.
(beat)
I won’t accept it.

Hazel thinks about it. She appreciates his conviction but is still not sure she agrees. The hand they’ve been dealt too unfair. Hazel looks out at the water as she says:

HAZEL
I hope you’re right.

GUS
I’m in love with you.
That gets her attention.

GUS
You heard me.

HAZEL
Augustus --

GUS
I’m in love with you. And I know that love is just a shout into the void, and that oblivion is inevitable, and that we’re all doomed and that there will come a day when all our labor has been returned to dust, and I know the sun will swallow the only earth we’ll ever have, and I am in love with you.

(shrugs, matter-of-fact)
Sorry.

At which point, the Waiter reappears.

WAITER
More stars?

Hazel is still too speechless to respond, her eyes fixed on Gus. Eventually Gus answers for them.

GUS
Just the check, please.

WAITER
No, sir.
(beat)
Your meal has been paid for by Mr. Van Houten.

Gus raises his eyebrows at Hazel. This Van Houten guy is something else.

EXT AMSTERDAM CANALS - LATER

Hazel and Gus on a park bench, his arm around her, looking out over the water. Seeds blow from the elm trees and the reflections of the city ripple in the water below them.

Hazel leans into his body, just a little. They stay like that, savoring the best night of both of their lives. CUT TO:

EXT AMSTERDAM - HOTEL - ESTABLISHING

A crisp Spring morning in Amsterdam. The buzz in the air outside is equalled by the buzz in:
INT HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Where Hazel excitedly paces through the room.

FRANNE
I really don’t get that shirt.

Hazel wears a screen print t-shirt of Magritte’s “Ceci N’est Pas Une Pipe.” (A painting of a pipe with words below that mean “This is not a pipe.”)

HAZEL
Van Houten will get it. Trust me. There are like fifty Magritte references in “Imperial Affliction.”

FRANNE
(reading)
“This is not a pipe.”

HAZEL
Exactly.

FRANNE
But it is a pipe.

HAZEL
No it’s not. It’s a drawing of a pipe. See? (she doesn’t)
All representations of a thing are inherently abstract. A drawing of a thing is not the thing itself. Nor is a t-shirt of a drawing of a thing the thing itself.

Frannie is still at a loss but she’s impressed.

FRANNE
When did you get so grown up? I feel like it was yesterday I was telling 8-year old Hazel why the sky was blue. You thought I was a genius back then.

HAZEL
Why is the sky blue?

FRANNE
(beat)
Because I say so.

A knock on the door. Gus pokes his head in.

GUS
Who’s ready for some answers!
EXT. VONDELSTRAAT ROW HOUSES - LATER

Gus and Hazel stand outside Van Houten’s white house.

    HAZEL
    I’m so excited I can barely breathe.

    GUS
    As opposed to other days...?

She playfully hits him. He takes her arm, picks up the oxygen tank, and up they go towards his front door.

As they approach, there’s a noticeable NOISE coming from inside the house. It’s the deep thump of a BASS BEAT. Loud. Like, obnoxiously loud.

Hazel grabs the brass ornament and knocks. They wait. There’s no response.

    GUS
    Maybe he can’t hear over the music?

Gus tries again, this time with more force. Still nothing. He tries a third time. Finally, the music stops. They wait. Still excited.

A moment later the door swings open.

It’s a MAN IN PAJAMAS (60s), with a huge potbelly, thinning hair, and a week-old beard. All he says is:

    MAN IN PAJAMAS
    What?!

Gus and Hazel look to one another. Could it be?

    GUS
    Mr. Van Houten?

At which point, the Pajama Man slams the door in their faces. Hazel and Gus are too stunned to react. Through the closed door, they hear this:

    MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)
    (shouting)
    LEEE-DUH-VIGH!

    WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
    Are they here, Peter?

So it is PETER VAN HOUTEN. Gus and Hazel can’t believe it.

    MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)
    There are two --
    (beat)
    Who the hell’s “they?”
WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
They are Augustus and Hazel, the young fans with whom you’ve been corresponding.

Gus and Hazel smile at hearing their names. Perhaps this will help things take a turn for the better.

MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)
The Americans?

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
You invited them, remember?

MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)
You know why I left America, Lidewij? To never have to encounter Americans. Get rid of them.

Hazel and Gus can’t believe it. This is terrible!

WOMAN’S VOICE (O.S.)
I will not do this Peter. Be nice.

At which point, the door opens – opened by the Woman whose voice they’d been hearing – Van Houten’s assistant LIDEWIJ (30s, Dutch, pretty in a bookish way). She virtually shoves Van Houten towards a stunned Gus and Hazel.

And they are again face-to-face with Van Houten. One beat, two beats. No one knows what to say. Finally:

VAN HOUTEN
Which of you is Augustus Waters?

Gus raises his hand tentatively.

Van Houten sizes them up. Without another word, he turns and walks inside – at least this time, leaving the door ajar.

LIDEWIJ
Please. I am sorry. Come in.

Hazel and Gus share one more awkward glance before Gus takes a step. Hazel follows. They walk:

INT VAN HOUTEN’S HOME – SAME

Lidewij leads Gus and Hazel into a living room so sterile it’s creepy. The walls are empty and white, there’s a single couch, a small ottoman, and a single lounge chair. That’s it. Van Houten sits in the chair.

Off to the side are two large black garbage bags, full and twist-tied.

HAZEL
Trash?
LIDEWIJ

Fan mail. 18 years worth. He never opens it.

Van Houten kicks his feet up on the ottoman and crosses his slippers. He motions for them to sit on the couch.

VAN HOUTEN

Yours are the first missives to which I’ve replied and look where that got me.

Hazel and Gus take their seats.

VAN HOUTEN

Scotch?

HAZEL

Um, no thanks.

VAN HOUTEN

Augustus Waters?

GUS

It’s 11am.

VAN HOUTEN

Just me then, Lidewij. Scotch and soda.

LIDEWIJ

Perhaps some breakfast first Peter?

VAN HOUTEN

She thinks I have a drinking problem.

LIDEWIJ

I also think the Earth is round.

Nevertheless, Lidewij pours Peter half a glass and hands it to him. He takes a sip, then sits up straight.

VAN HOUTEN

So you like my book.

HAZEL

Yes. We – well, Augustus, he made meeting you his Wish so that we could come here and talk to you.

Van Houten says nothing. Takes a long pull on his drink.

VAN HOUTEN

Did you dress like her on purpose?

HAZEL

(looks at her shirt)

Kinda.
Van Houten says nothing to that.

VAN HOUTEN
I do not have a drinking problem. I have a Churchillian relationship with alcohol: I can crack jokes and govern England and do anything I want to do. Except not drink.

He glances over at Lidewij, who dutifully refills his glass.

GUS
Incidentally, thank you for dinner last night.

VAN HOUTEN
(to Lidewij)
We bought them dinner last night?

LIDEWIJ
It was our pleasure.

VAN HOUTEN
(sighs)
You’ve come a long way so... what is it I can do for you?

HAZEL
We have some questions --

VAN HOUTEN
Uh-huh...

HAZEL
About what happens, you know... after... the end of your book. Specifically to those who Anna leaves behind. Like her Mom, the Dutch Tulip Man, Sisy --

VAN HOUTEN
(interrupting)
How familiar are you with Swedish hip-hop?

Hazel looks at Gus. Is he kidding?

HAZEL
I would say... limited?

VAN HOUTEN
But presumably you know Afasi Och Filthy’s seminal album “Flacken.”

GUS
Um...

VAN HOUTEN
Lidewij! Play ‘Bomfalleralla’ immediately.
Lidewij sighs but she does as she’s told. A few seconds later, some loud Swedish rap song blasts from the speakers. Hazel and Gus sit through this, totally baffled.

HAZEL
(yelling over the music)
I’m sorry, sir. We don’t speak Swedish.

VAN HOUTEN
(yelling)
Who the hell speaks Swedish? The important thing is not what nonsense the voices are saying, but what the voices are feeling.

The song continues another awkward ten seconds or so before Gus has enough. He gets up and turns off the music.

GUS
Are you messing with us?

VAN HOUTEN
Pardon?

GUS
Is this some kind of performance?

VAN HOUTEN
Rudolf Otto said that if you had not encountered the numinous then his work was not for you. And I say to you, my friends, if you cannot hear Afasi Och Filthy’s bravadic response to fearfulness, then my work is not for you.

Hazel is really getting worried at this point. They came all this way for this?

HAZEL
So anyway... when the book ends, Anna’s mom --

VAN HOUTEN
(raising a hand to silence her)
Let us imagine that you are racing a tortoise.

Hazel and Gus fidget in their seats. Lidewij frowns, clearly feeling bad for them. Van Houten continues.

VAN HOUTEN
The tortoise has a ten yard head start. In the time it takes you to run ten yards, the tortoise has moved maybe one yard. And so on, forever.

(MORE)
VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)
You are faster than the tortoise
but you can never catch him, you
see, you can only decrease his
lead. Now certainly you can run
past the tortoise as long as you
don’t contemplate the mechanics
involved but the question of how
turns out to be so complicated that
no one really solved it until
Cantor’s proof that some infinities
are bigger than other infinities.

Hazel and Gus have no idea how to respond.

VAN HOUTEN
I assume that answers your
questions.

GUS
(to Hazel)
I don’t know what’s going on.

VAN HOUTEN
And yet you seemed so intelligent
in print, Mr. Waters.
(under his breath)
Must be all that cancer in your
brain.

LIDEWIJ
Peter!

Gus could throw a punch right now. Hazel tries to calm the
situation.

HAZEL
Can we please, maybe, talk about
Anna for a sec? I mean, I
understand that the story ends mid-
sentence because she dies or she
becomes too sick to continue --

VAN HOUTEN
I’m not interested in talking about
that book.

HAZEL
- but that doesn’t mean her family
and everyone she loves doesn’t have
a future, right?

VAN HOUTEN
I said I’m not interested --

HAZEL
(getting upset)
But you promised!
(calms herself)
(MORE)
Mr. Van Houten, you said you would tell us what happens and that’s why we’re here. We... I need you tell me. Surely you’ve thought about it. I mean, as characters --

VAN HOUTEN
Nothing happens to them! They’re fictions. They cease to exist the moment the novel is over.

This is not what Hazel came all this way to hear. She won’t accept it.

HAZEL
They can’t!
(again, has to calm herself)
I mean, I understand. In a literary sense. But it’s impossible NOT to imagine some future --

VAN HOUTEN
I can’t do this. Lidewij, get rid of them, please.
(Lidewij doesn’t move, he turns back to Hazel)
I won’t indulge your childish whims. I refuse to pity you in the manner in which you’re accustomed.

HAZEL
I don’t want your pity --

VAN HOUTEN
Of course you do. Like all sick kids, your existence depends on it.

LIDEWIJ
Peter!

VAN HOUTEN
(on a roll)
You are fated to live out your days as the child you were when diagnosed, the child who believes there is life after a novel ends. And we, as adults, we pity this, so we pay for your treatments, for your oxygen machines. We give you food and water though you are unlikely to live long enough --

LIDEWIJ
PETER!

VAN HOUTEN
You are a side effect of an evolutionary process that cares little for individual lives.
(MORE)
You are a failed experiment in mutation.

LIDEWIJ
I RESIGN!

Lidewij has tears in her eyes. Gus has balled his fists. But not Hazel. Van Houten’s words have not phased her one bit. She rises from the couch.

HAZEL
Hey listen douchepants. You’re not gonna tell me anything I don’t already know about illness. I need one thing and one thing only from you before I walk out of your life and that’s for you to tell me what happens to your goddamn characters!

VAN HOUTEN
(beat)
I cannot tell you.

HAZEL
Bullshit!

VAN HOUTEN
I cannot --

Van Houten goes to take a drink but...

HAZEL
Make something up.

... Hazel smacks it right the fuck out of his hands, surprising everyone.

After a beat:

VAN HOUTEN
Lidewij. I’ll have a martini please.

LIDEWIJ
I have resigned.

VAN HOUTEN
Oh don’t be ridiculous.

No one moves. Van Houten realizes he’s alone in this.

VAN HOUTEN
I’d like you to leave now.

HAZEL
You’re really not gonna tell us?

VAN HOUTEN
I would like you... to leave.
Hazel is furious. Gus stands next to her, touches her arm is if to say “come on, enough of this guy.” CUT TO:

EXT VAN HOUTEN’S HOUSE – SAME

Gus and Hazel come out of the house, practically shaking. As they get to the street, Van Houten has one more thing to say.

VAN HOUTEN
Have you ever stopped to ask why you care so much about your silly questions?

A beat.

HAZEL
Go fuck yourself.

Van Houten doesn’t have a response to that. He just shuts the door. And when he does, that’s when Hazel gets emotional.

GUS
Hey. It’s ok. It’s ok...
(beat, an idea)
I’ll write you a sequel.
(she cries harder)
I will. Better than any shit that drunk could write. With blood and guts and sacrifice. You’ll love it.

Hazel nods, then wipes away tears. She fakes a smile and Gus gives her a hug. Afterwards:

HAZEL
I spent your Wish on that asshole.

GUS
You did not spend it on him. You spent it on us.

They embrace once more.

HAZEL
I wanted...

GUS
I know... I know. Apparently the world is not a wish-granting factory.

This gets a real smile from Hazel. That’s when Lidewij comes outside. Clearly she’s been crying too.

LIDEWIJ
I’m so sorry. Circumstance has made him cruel. I thought meeting you would help him, if he would see that his work has shaped real lives, but... I’m very sorry.
Hazel says nothing. Gus holds her in a very protective way.

LIDEWIJ
Perhaps we can do some sightseeing. Have you seen the Anne Frank House?

GUS
I’m not going anywhere with that monster.

LIDEWIJ
He is not invited.

EXT ANNE FRANK HOUSE - LATER
Lidewij walks back from the ticket kiosk with more bad news.

LIDEWIJ
I’m afraid there’s no elevator.

HAZEL
Oh, um, that’s alright.

LIDEWIJ
No, there are many stairs. Steep stairs.

HAZEL
I can do it.

GUS
Hazel --

HAZEL
I can do it!

Hazel is not going to stand for any more disappointments today. They are going inside. CUT TO:

INT ANNE FRANK HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER
A VIDEO plays on a MONITOR showing the Nazi invasion of Holland. Hazel and Gus stand with Lidewij in a pack of BACKPACKERS and TRAVELERS about to take the tour. Many of them begin to walk up the first flight of stairs.

LIDEWIJ
Shall we?

Hazel nods. Both Hazel and Gus walk slowly up the stairs. So far so good. They find themselves in an office space.

LIDEWIJ
This is the bookcase that hid the Frank family and four others.

The BOOKCASE is half open. Behind it is an even steeper set of stairs, only wide enough for one person at a time.
Some of the Travelers begin to walk up the stairs. Gus looks at Hazel - are you sure we should continue? She begins the climb, determined. Lidewij trails behind, carrying her oxygen tank.

Hazel moves very slowly. We are aware of her labored breathing the entire time.

ANGLE ON OTHER TOURISTS, watching and quietly commenting. Just like at the airport, except now in foreign languages.

Hazel arrives on the NEXT FLOOR - an empty room. She’s definitely starting to struggle. She leans against the wall to catch her breath. Gus comes to her side, wipes her brow.

GUS
You’re a champion.

Hazel smiles. When she’s feeling up to it they walk into the next room, also empty. And another staircase, even more narrow and steep – practically a ladder. When Gus sees this he looks at Hazel:

GUS
That’s enough --

HAZEL
(resolute)
I’m ok.

Hazel very slowly begins the climb. Again we’re aware of her every breath. It’s dark. And it’s becoming very difficult. Near the top Hazel stumbles but is finally able to pull herself through.

Once there, she falls to the floor, slumping against the wall, trying to catch her breath. Gus crouches next to her.

GUS
We’re at the top. That’s it.

Hazel becomes aware that TOURISTS look at her with concern. She smiles, stands up, nothing to see here.

And now they’re in the final room – a long, narrow hallway. This is where Anne Frank and 7 other people lived in hiding for as long as they could. There’s a TIME LINE detailing their story.

LIDEWIJ
The only member of the whole family to survive was Otto, Anne’s father.

Gus takes Hazel’s hand.

LIDEWIJ
I don’t know how you go on, without your family.
Lidewij stays behind to study part of the exhibit. Gus leads Hazel into the room at the end of the hallway where a VIDEO details the last days of Anne Frank’s life. Over it, we hear a YOUNG GIRL’S VOICE reading from the diary.

The Travelers stand to watch and listen. Gus and Hazel do the same. The room is dark.

GIRL’S VOICE (O.S.)
“At such moment’s, I don’t think about the misery...”

Gus and Hazel stand very closely together. The video is the cherry on top of a very emotional day. Hazel watches it.

GIRL’S VOICE (O.S.)
“...but about the beauty that still remains.”

Gus, meanwhile, is just watching Hazel, the same way she watched him on the airplane. After a beat, she catches him. Their eyes meet. The emotions build...

GIRL’S VOICE (O.S.)
“Try to recapture the happiness within yourself. Think of all the beauty in everything around you... and be happy.”

And Hazel KISSES Gus. A most passionate, intense, you-and-me-against-the-world kind of kiss, better than any they’ve experienced or could even imagine. It seems to last for a small eternity.

Eventually, they break away and open their eyes. They quickly notice all the Travelers staring at them. For a brief second, they wonder if that was a very inappropriate thing to do...

When suddenly everyone starts clapping for them, moved by the whole thing. One EUROPEAN even shouts “bravo!” Hazel blushes, Gus smiles, bows, he grabs her hand. CUT TO:

INT GUS’S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

They fall onto Gus’s bed, kissing. Hazel is very in the moment and now it’s Gus who seems nervous. As they kiss:

GUS
It’s above my knee.

She ignores him, more kissing. She takes off his shirt.

GUS
It tapers a little and then it’s just skin --

HAZEL
What?
Hazel pulls away from him.

GUS
My leg.
(beat)
Just so you’re prepared --

HAZEL
Oh get over yourself.

Hazel kisses him again. Now he tries to pull her shirt off but it gets tangled in with her oxygen tube. He can’t figure it out. Eventually the whole thing is hilarious to them. They shake their heads - laughing - certainly not your typical Hollywood movie moment. And yet, for them:

HAZEL
I love you, Augustus Waters.

GUS
I love you too, Hazel Grace.

They resume kissing. And we CUT TO:

INT HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Gus wakes up in the bed. He looks around for Hazel but she isn’t there. On the bed is a piece of paper. A note.

It reads: “Dearest Augustus…”

Beneath that is a BIG CIRCLE, labeled “Virgins.” And in that circle is a SMALLER SECOND CIRCLE labeled “17 year old dudes with one leg.” We’ll notice part of that circle is now outside the bigger circle. Gus flashes that signature smile.

EXT CAFE - DAY

Hazel and Gus sit with Frannie drinking coffee in the sun at an outdoor cafe. They’re re-enacting yesterday’s events.

HAZEL
“Get up you fat bastard.”

GUS
“I can’t stand up, I’m too drunk.”

HAZEL
I said “get up.”

GUS
“Standing is for fools!”

HAZEL
God, what an asshole.

They both giggle at the whole thing.
HAZEL
It was awful, Mom. You can’t imagine.

FRANNIE
And then what happened?

HAZEL
Then we went to the Anne Frank museum.

FRANNIE
And after that?

A quick glance between Hazel and Gus.

HAZEL
We just... walked around.

Hazel and Gus smile, thoroughly in love but trying to keep it in check in front of her Mother.

FRANNIE
Sounds lovely.

A few beats later.

FRANNIE
Listen... I’m gonna stretch my legs a little. Give the two of you some time to talk.

HAZEL
(that’s weird)
Um... ok...

As she stands up to leave, Hazel thinks she catches Gus and Frannie making eye contact for a brief second. Once Frannie has left them:

HAZEL
That was weird.

Gus doesn’t respond except to say:

GUS
Shall we?

EXT AMSTERDAM STREET - LATER

They start to walk. Gus takes a cigarette out of his pack, sticks it between his lips. Hazel notices he’s struggling with something.

HAZEL
Augustus?
GUS
There’s something I have to tell you...

They walk in silence a few beats.

GUS
Just before you went into the hospital... There was this... I felt this... ache in my hip.

Hazel grabs onto his arm, a lump already forming.

HAZEL
Oh no...

Gus takes the cigarette out of his mouth, clenches his teeth tightly, trying not to cry.

GUS
I had a PET scan.

Gus sits down on a BENCH. Looks up at her. Tries to smile. Before he even says it, she knows.

GUS
It lit up like a Christmas tree, Hazel...

HAZEL
Oh god.

GUS
The lining of my chest, my liver... everywhere.

HAZEL
Oh my god no!

Hazel loses it in that moment, falling on top of him, hugging him for dear life, her head in his lap.

HAZEL
I’m so sorry, Augustus. I’m so sorry --

GUS
I’m sorry too --

HAZEL
It’s so unfair --

GUS
I should have told you --

HAZEL
It’s so fucking unfair!

A beat. Gus still trying not to cry.
GUS

Apparently the world is... not a wish-granting factory.

And at that point, Gus lets it go, lets himself cry and be sad and feel awful.

But just for a second. Then he shakes it off, pulls Hazel’s face up to his, tries again to smile through the tears.

GUS

Don’t you worry about me, Hazel Grace. I’ll find a way to hang around and annoy you for a long time.

She hugs him, perhaps a little too tightly. He winces.

HAZEL

Does it hurt?

GUS

It’s ok.

(beat)

I’m ok.

HAZEL

Ok.

GUS

Ok.

But of course it’s not ok. Not by a mile.

Hazel takes a moment to look at him, touches his cheek.

GUS

What?

HAZEL

I’m just... I’m very fond of you.

He grabs her hand and holds it.

GUS

I don’t suppose you can forget about it, treat me like I’m not dying.

HAZEL

I don’t think you’re dying, Augustus. You’ve just got a touch of cancer.

Gus nods. Squeezes her hand.

GUS

Would it be absolutely ludicrous to make out right now?
Hazel doesn’t answer. She just kisses him, hard. And on the two of them, so in love, we CUT TO:

INT AIRPLANE – LATER

Hazel lays on Gus’s shoulder as he stares out the window, leaving Amsterdam behind.

INT INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT – BAGGAGE CLAIM – DAY

As they ride down the escalator, Hazel sees Michael standing amongst the livery drivers. He holds a sign that says – instead of someone’s last name – “My Beautiful Family (and Gus).”

Upon seeing them, he immediately starts to cry of course. He kisses his wife, gives Hazel a big hug. Gus goes to shake his hand but Michael hugs him as well. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S LIVING ROOM – THAT NIGHT

Hazel sits with her father on the couch.

HAZEL
Gus had a recurrence.

MICHAEL
(nods)
Mrs. Waters told us the night before you left.
(beat)
I’m sorry Hazel.

They sit for a beat. Tears form in Michael’s eyes.

HAZEL
You’re not gonna say it?

MICHAEL
What’s that?

HAZEL
The usual. “Everything happens for a reason…”

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL
I don’t know, Haze.
(beat)
I always thought being an adult meant knowing what you believe...
(beat)
... that has not been my experience.

Hazel understands exactly. CUT TO:
INT GUS’S BASEMENT BEDROOM – DAY

Gus lays in bed, eyes open, a PICC line now being fed through a port in his chest. Chemotherapy at work.

Hazel and Isaac are keeping him company.

HAZEL
How are your eyes?

ISAAC
Great. Wonderful. I mean, they’re not in my head is the only problem.

GUS
I hate to one-up you but... seems my entire body is made out of cancer now, so...

Isaac nods. Tries not to get emotional but it’s happening. He goes to touch Gus’s arm and accidentally touches his thigh.

GUS
Whoa, I’m taken.

Isaac laughs.

ISAAC
(to Hazel, re: Gus)
Did you write his eulogy yet?

Hazel is confused.

GUS
Dude.

ISAAC
What?

GUS
I haven’t asked her.

ISAAC
Oh. (beat)
Oops.

HAZEL
What are you talking about?

ISAAC
My bad.

HAZEL
(still confused)
Augustus?

Gus looks at her, grows a little serious.
GUS
I need speakers at my funeral. I thought maybe you and Isaac... but especially you --

ISAAC
Hey!

GUS
Would you be kind enough to whip something up?

HAZEL
(touches his hand)
It would be an honor.

They hold holds.

ISAAC
You guys are adorable.

Hazel play slaps Isaac on the arm.

HAZEL
How’s your love life? Anything from Monica?

ISAAC
Not a word.

HAZEL
She hasn’t even like, texted to ask how you’re doing?

He shakes his head. Gus gets an angry look on his face.

HAZEL
That is so messed up!

ISAAC
I’ve stopped thinking about it. Moving on. There’s a new girl in Support Group with these humongous -

Isaac gestures to his chest. Hazel is confused.

HAZEL
How do you even know that?

ISAAC
I’m blind but I’m not that blind.

GUS
Hazel Grace!

They turn to him.

GUS
Do you happen to have four dollars?
No one knows what that means. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S CAR - LATER

Gus is in the passenger's seat. Isaac sits in the back. Hazel returns to the car. With a CARTON OF EGGS.

HAZEL
Ok now what?

Gus smiles. CUT TO:

EXT SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel, Gus, and Isaac lean against Hazel’s car staring something down.

ISAAC
Is it there?

GUS
Oh it’s there.

REVEAL they’re looking at Monica’s green Firebird.

ISAAC
She’s in the house?

GUS
Who cares where she is? This is not about her. This is about you.
(sticks out his hand)
Hazel...

Hazel nods, opens the egg carton, hands Gus an egg. Gus puts it in Isaac’s hands. Positions Isaac - who, of course, can’t see a thing - towards the Firebird.

Isaac winds up and tosses the EGG.

It misses the car by a mile. After a beat:

ISAAC
I didn’t hear anything.

GUS
A little to the left.

ISAAC
My throw was to the left or I should aim to the left?

GUS
Aim left.

Isaac turns his shoulders.
Gus turns some more.

Gus

Yes! Excellent! And throw hard.

Gus hands him a SECOND EGG. Isaac winds up and hurls it - missing the car again but hitting the HOUSE.

Gus

Bullseye!

Isaac

Really?

Gus

No you missed it by like 20 feet.

(hands him a THIRD)

Try one more time.

Isaac hurls it, this time smashing the car’s taillight.

Isaac’s face lights up.

Hazel

Woo hoo!

Isaac grabs for ANOTHER EGG. Throws it. Then ANOTHER. He’s a throwing machine. Most of them miss but at least he’s enjoying himself. Finally there’s a DIRECT HIT on the car door, triggering the alarm. Isaac pauses.

Gus

Keep throwing, keep throwing!

Isaac does. Gus smiles, putting an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Hazel watches him, enjoying this moment.

Eventually, MONICA’S MOM opens the front door and comes out.

Monica’s Mom

What in God’s name --

Seeing Hazel, Gus, and Isaac, she stops in her tracks.

Gus

Are you Monica’s mom?

Monica’s Mom (confused)

I am.

Gus

Hello ma’am. Your daughter has done an injustice and we’ve come here seeking revenge. We may not look like much. Between the three of us, we have five legs, four eyes, and two and a half working lungs.

(MORE)
GUS (CONT'D)
But we also have two dozen eggs. So
If I was you, I would go back inside.

Monica’s Mom is very confused. A beat. Without another word, she turns and goes back inside. The three of them celebrate. As Isaac picks up where he left off, Hazel gently kisses Gus on the cheek. And over we hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
A few days later, Gus landed in the hospital with chest pains.

INT HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hazel bounds in to find Mrs. Waters in the waiting room. She stands to hug Hazel. They both sit down.

HAZEL
How’s he doing?

MRS. WATERS
He’s had a tough night, Hazel. His blood pressure’s low. His heart --

Mrs. Waters starts to cry.

HAZEL
What about the chemo?

MRS. WATERS
(shakes her head)
They’re gonna stop the chemo.

They both know what that means. Mrs. Waters gathers herself.

HAZEL
Can I see him?

MRS. WATERS
(beat)
We have to be a family now.

Hazel nods. She understands.

MRS. WATERS
We’ll tell him you were here.

HAZEL
If you don’t mind, I’ll just hang for a while.

Mrs. Waters nods, hugs her again, walks out through the heavy doors towards Gus’s room. Hazel sits in the chair. Same chair Gus sat in while waiting for her. They’ve switched places.
EXT INDIANAPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Hazel pushes Gus, now confined to a WHEELCHAIR, to their spot on the hill overlooking “Funky Bones.” A second picnic, this time with champagne. Hazel pours some for them both into little Winnie the Pooh cups. She’s trying to be upbeat - but it’s difficult. Gus watches the kids play on the bones.

HAZEL
What are you thinking about?

GUS
Oblivion.

HAZEL
Augustus...

GUS
I know it’s kid’s stuff but... I always thought I’d have a grand story to tell, you know? Something that would run in all the papers. I always thought I was special.

HAZEL
You are.

GUS
Yeah but... you know what I mean.

Hazel, annoyed finishes her cup, tosses it to the side. Gus can tell he’s said something wrong.

GUS
What?

HAZEL
I do know what you mean, I just... I don’t agree.

Hazel stands up, anger building.

HAZEL
This obsession with being remembered --

GUS
Don’t get mad --

HAZEL
But I am mad!
(beat)
I think you’re special, is that not enough?

GUS
Hazel --
HAZEL
You think the only way to live a meaningful life is for everyone to love you, for everyone to remember you. Well guess what, Gus, this is your life. This is all you get. You get me, and your family, and this world. And if that’s not enough, well I’m sorry, but it’s not nothing. Cause I’ll remember you, I’ll love you --

GUS
You’re right --

HAZEL
And I just wish... I just wish you’d be happy with that.

GUS
You’re right. I’m sorry.
(pulling her back down)
I’m sorry.

Gus hands Hazel another Winnie the Pooh cup. Raises his to hers in a toast.

GUS
It’s a good life, Hazel Grace.

She softens. They toast.

HAZEL
It’s not over yet, you know.

Gus nods. Of course it isn’t. And yet they both know there isn’t much time. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

Hazel is asleep. Suddenly, her phone buzzes. She looks at it - “Gus” - then she looks at the clock - 2:35am. A pit grows in her stomach. A quick panicked beat before she answers:

HAZEL
Hello?

GUS (O.S.)
(weakly)
Hazel Grace.

HAZEL
(relieved)
Oh, thank God. Hi. Hi, I love you!

GUS (O.S.)
I’m at the gas station --
HAZEL
What?

GUS (O.S.)
Something’s wrong. You gotta...
please come help me.

INT/ EXT HAZEL’S CAR – MOMENTS LATER

Hazel drives like a maniac down the street, eventually finding herself at the Speedway gas station.

Gus’s car is alone in the parking lot and she pulls up next to it. She gets out of her car, opens his driver’s side door, and finds him sitting there, his shirt stained with vomit and blood. She gags from the smell.

GUS
(mumbling)
Hi.

Hazel looks down at his hands which are pressed tightly to his belly. She sees something is leaking from the TUBE sticking out of it.

HAZEL
(panicked)
Oh, God, Augustus, I’m calling 911.

GUS
No! Please! Hazel, listen to me. Do not call 911 or my parents -- I’ll never forgive you -- Don’t, please.

Gus starts to cry.

GUS
Please just look at it.

Hazel lifts up his shirt. His ABDOMEN is bright red.

HAZEL
I think it’s infected...

Hazel feels his forehead, he’s burning up.

HAZEL
Gus, what the -- why are you here? Why aren’t you home?

Gus throws up. He doesn’t even have the energy to turn his mouth away from his lap.

HAZEL
Oh, sweetie...

GUS
I wanted to buy some cigarettes. I lost my pack. Or they took it.
(MORE)
GUS (CONT'D)
I don’t know. They said they’d get me another one but I wanted... to do it myself. Do one little thing myself.

Hazel doesn’t know what to do.

HAZEL
I can’t fix this. I have to call someone. I’m sorry.

GUS
No, Hazel, please!

But she must. She gets out her cell phone and dials. At which point, Gus really loses it, weeping like the poisoned, dying teenage boy that he is. As Hazel dials, we hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
I wish I could say Augustus Waters kept his sense of humor till the end, did not for a moment waiver in his courage and his spirit soared like an eagle to the sky...

GUS
(to himself, shaking)
I hate myself I hate myself I hate this I hate this...

HAZEL (V.O.)
...but that is not what happened.

LATER. An EMT loads Gus into the back of an AMBULANCE. Hazel is allowed to ride with him in the back. As the car starts moving, Gus grabs her hand.

GUS
Read me something.

HAZEL
Read you something?

GUS
Do you know any poems?

HAZEL
I know one.

GUS
Read it to me.

HAZEL
"The Red Wheelbarrow" by William Carlos Williams.
(beat, tries to remember)
"So much depends / upon / a red wheel / barrow / glazed with rain / water / beside the white / chickens."
GUS

(beat)
Is that it?

That is it. But there’s another ten minutes of driving to do. Hazel thinks fast.

HAZEL

No of course not. Um... what
else...
(thinks)
so much depends/ upon a blue sky/
cut open by the branches/ of the
trees./ So much depends/ on the
transparent G-tube/ erupting from
the belly/ of the blue-lipped boy.

Gus smiles, weakly, barely conscious. Hazel cradles his head
in her arms. And continues...

HAZEL

So much depends upon this observer/
of the universe...

As Gus is drifting off to sleep, WE HEAR:

HAZEL (V.O.)

One of the less bull-shitty
conventions of the cancer genre is
the convention known as the “Last
Good Day...”

EXT GUS’S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Gus comes home from the hospital. He does not look good - but
he lives. Hazel is there to help get him inside.

INT GUS’S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Gus no longer sleeps in his basement. Nor does he sleep in
his own bed. He sleeps in a HOSPITAL BED set up in a guest
room. Hazel is with him. They’re watching sports on TV.

HAZEL (V.O.)

This is where the victim of cancer
finds himself unexpectedly with
some hours...

EXT GUS’S BACKYARD PORCH - ANOTHER DAY

Hazel and Gus getting some fresh air. She sits there reading
a book. Gus just sits there. His eyes staring off into
nothing. Hazel waves to him. Gus looks over, as if waking
from a dream. She manages a smile. He manages one back.
HAZEL (V.O.)
... when it seems like the
inexorable decline has suddenly
plateaued, when the pain is for a
minute bearable.

INT HAZEL’S DINING ROOM – ANOTHER DAY

Hazel sits at dinner with her parents. She is barely touching
her food.

HAZEL (V.O.)
The problem, of course, is that
there’s no way of knowing that your
last good day is your “Last Good
Day.” At the time, it’s just
another decent day.

The phone buzzes and Hazel answers it.

HAZEL
Hi, Augustus.

GUS (O.S.)
Good evening, Hazel Grace.

His voice is strong today, and Hazel is happy to hear it.

GUS (O.S.)
Quick question for you. Did you
ever write that eulogy I asked you
to prepare?

HAZEL
I may have...

GUS
Excellent. Do you think you could
find yourself at the Literal Heart
of Jesus in 20 minutes.

HAZEL
Um... sure. Is everything --

GUS (O.S.)
I love you Hazel.

The call ends. Hazel, confused, stands to go.

HAZEL
I gotta go.

FRANNNIE
Finish eating first.

HAZEL
I can’t, I have to meet Gus.
FRANNIE
You haven’t eaten a thing.

HAZEL
I’m not hungry.

FRANNIE
You can’t not eat, Hazel.

HAZEL
I am aggressively unhungry, ok?

MICHAEL
Hazel --

HAZEL
I have to go.

FRANNIE
Sit down.

HAZEL
No!

MICHAEL
Hazel, listen to your mother.

Hazel tries to push past her but Frannie grabs her shoulders.

FRANNIE
You have to eat, Hazel. You’re not gonna starve yourself to death just because Gus is sick. You have to stay healthy --

HAZEL
I can’t! I can’t stay healthy because I’m not healthy, Mom. I am dying. I am going to die and leave you here alone and you won’t have me to hover around and you won’t be a mother anymore, and I’m sorry, but I can’t do anything about it, ok?! Just leave me alone!

Upon seeing her mother’s face change, Hazel immediately regrets this.

FRANNIE
You heard me?

Frannie has tears in her eyes. Hazel looks away, feeling terrible.

FRANNIE
You heard me say that to your father?

Frannie sits down on the couch with her daughter.
FRANNIE
Oh god, sweetie. I’m sorry. I was wrong, ok? It wasn’t true. It’s not something I believe.

Michael sits across from them.

FRANNIE
As long as either of us is alive, I will be your mother. Even if you die, I --

HAZEL
When.

FRANNIE
Even when you die, I will still be your mother. I will always be your Mother.

By now Michael is crying too. They all are.

HAZEL
I worry that you won’t have a life. That you’ll sit around all day with no me to look after and stare at the walls and be miserable or off yourselves or something.

FRANNIE
We’re not gonna off ourselves. It’s gonna hurt like hell to lose you but --

MICHAEL
Hazel. You of all people know it’s possible to live with pain.

She takes that in. It rings true to her. Hazel nods.

FRANNIE
I don’t just sit around, you know.

Hazel is confused. Frannie looks at Michael like, “should I say something?” She goes for it.

FRANNIE
I’m taking some classes. Online. To get my master’s in social work.

HAZEL
You are?

Hazel is stunned.

HAZEL
So when you’re waiting for me outside Support Group or whatever, you’re always --
FRANNIE
Working or reading. If I get my MSW, I can council families in crisis or lead groups dealing with illness --

HAZEL
Why didn’t you tell me?

Frannie and Michael don’t quite know what to say.

MICHAEL
We didn’t want you to feel abandoned --

HAZEL
Are you kidding? Mom, this is awesome! This is fantastic! Oh my god!

Hazel grabs her Mom for a hug.

HAZEL
I’m so excited! You’re gonna be so great, Mom!

FRANNIE
Thank you. That means everything to me.

Mom and Daughter hug. And when it’s over:

FRANNIE
I’d still really like you to eat.

HAZEL
I know Mom. And I will. I promise. But right now... I really gotta go.

INT CHURCH - LATER

Hazel enters the Literal Heart of Jesus room which is now empty except for Isaac, up on a dais, and Gus, in his wheelchair. Gus is thinner than we’ve ever seen him, thinner than any young man should be. But for now, he’s happy.

GUS
Hazel Grace, you look ravishing.

HAZEL
I know, right? (beat)
So, um, what’s going on guys?

ISAAC
You’re late.

HAZEL
Late for what exactly?
Gus gestures for her to sit next to him and she does.

GUS
I wanted to attend my funeral. By the way, will you speak at my funeral?

Hazel looks at him like “of course, silly” and then kisses him on the mouth.

GUS
Sweet. I’m hopeful I’ll get to attend as a ghost, but just to make sure, I thought I’d - well, not to put you on the spot, but I thought I’d arrange a pre-funeral.

HAZEL
Why now?

GUS
No time like the present.

HAZEL
(looks around the room)
How did you even get in here?

GUS
Would you believe they leave the door open at night?

HAZEL
Um, no.

GUS
As well you shouldn’t.

He smiles and for a brief moment it’s old Gus. Hazel laughs. Isaac clears his throat.

ISAAC
“Augustus Waters was a self-aggrandizing bastard. But we forgive him. We forgive him... not because he had a heart as figuratively good as his actual one sucked, or because he got 18 years when he should have gotten more.”

GUS
17.

ISAAC
I’m assuming you’ve got some time, you interrupting bastard! I mean seriously...  
(back to the speech)  
“Augustus Waters talked so much that he’d interrupt you at his own funeral. And he was pretentious.

(MORE)
Sweet Jesus that kid never took a piss without pondering the resonances of human waste production. And he was vain. But that comes with superhuman handsomeness.”

Gus nods – that part is true.

ISAAC
“But I will say this: when the scientists of the future show up at my house with robot eyes and they tell me to try them on, I will tell the scientists to piss off, because I don’t even want to see a world without Augustus Waters.”

Hazel smiles – but it’s one that triggers an immediate emotional waterfall.

ISAAC
“And then, of course, having made my rhetorical point, I will put my robot eyes on because, I mean... robot eyes!”

Gus has a big smile on his face.

ISAAC
“So anyway, Augustus, my friend... Godspeed.”

Gus nods a couple times.

GUS
Thank you Isaac.

This causes Isaac to lose it. He clings to the lectern.

ISAAC
Goddamn it, Gus.

GUS
Hey don’t swear in the Literal Heart of Jesus.

ISAAC
Shit! Ass! Balls!

Isaac sighs. Wipes away the tears. And another beat passes.

ISAAC
Can I get a hand here, Hazel?

Hazel remembers Isaac can’t see. She rises, goes up to get him, walks him back to her seat.

GUS
Hazel Grace, it’s down to you.
Hazel takes out a piece of paper, walks up to the dais. Takes a beat to ready herself.

HAZEL
"Augustus Waters was the great star-crossed love of my life. Ours was an epic love story, and I won’t be able to get more than a sentence into it without disappearing into a puddle of tears.

(beat)
Like all real love stories – ours will die with us, as it should. I’d hoped that he’d be eulogizing me, because there’s no one I’d rather have..."

And that’s all she can get out before falling apart. She lets it out for a couple beats and then pulls herself together.

HAZEL
(beat, composing herself)
"I can’t talk about our love story so instead I will talk about math. I am not a mathematician, but I know this: there are infinite numbers between 0 and 1. There’s .1 And .12 And .112 And an infinite collection of others. Of course, there is a bigger infinite set of numbers between 0 and 2, or between 0 and a million. Some infinities are bigger than other infinities. A writer we used to like taught us that. I want more numbers than I’m likely to get, and God, I want more numbers for Augustus Waters than he got. But, Gus, my love, I cannot tell you how thankful I am for our little infinity. You gave me a forever within the numbered days, and for that I am eternally grateful. I love you."

Gus smiles, nods, and closes his eyes. CUT TO:

BLACK.

Over which we hear a RINGING TELEPHONE.

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Hazel turns on the LIGHT by her bed. Her HOUSE PHONE is ringing and it’s 4am.

She knows instantly.
HAZEL (V.O.)
Augustus Waters died eight days later in the ICU...

Hazel’s head falls into her chest.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... when the cancer, which was made of him, stopped his heart, which was also made of him.

Her bedroom door opens. It’s Frannie and Michael. This only confirms her worst fears. She starts to cry. Her parents embrace her in the bed.

HAZEL (V.O.)
It was unbearable. The whole thing. Every second worse than the last.

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME

Hazel sits in the car in the dark. She’s blaring the loudest music she can possibly blare - a means of drowning out the horrors of the world. Over which we hear this:

HAZEL (V.O.)
One of the first things they ask you in the ER is to rate your pain on a scale from 1 to 10. I’d been asked this question hundreds of times and I remember once, early on, when I couldn’t catch my breath and it felt like my chest was on fire, and the nurse asked me to rate the pain and though I couldn’t speak, I held up 9 fingers.

The loud music isn’t protecting Hazel as well as she hoped. She falls apart nonetheless.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Later on, when I’d been feeling better, the nurse came in and she called me a fighter. “You know how I know,” she said. “Because you called a ten a nine.”

INT HAZEL’S BEDROOM - ANOTHER MORNING

Hazel puts on her funeral dress. She looks in the mirror.

HAZEL (V.O.)
But that wasn’t the truth. The reason I called it a nine was... I was saving my ten.
INT CHURCH - DAY

The place is filled today with mourners for Augustus Waters. Hazel comes in with her parents and stands in the back, watching people she’s never seen before approach the Waters family and extend their deepest condolences.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And this was it. The great and terrible ten.

When Mr. and Mrs. Waters see Hazel, they open their arms.

MRS. WATERS
He loved you so much.

Hazel nods. Hugs them back.

HAZEL
He loved you so much too.

More MOURNERS approach the family, leaving Hazel stranded in the receiving line. Her eyes turn towards the COFFIN. She’s not entirely sure she wants to go there but she takes a deep breath, wills herself to walk towards it.

Gus is there in the same suit he wore to Oranjee. Immediately, Hazel breaks down. And immediately, she catches herself.

HAZEL
It’s ok, you hear me? It’s ok.

She leans forward and kisses his cheek. She looks around. Once in the clear, she pulls out a hard pack of Camel Lights and sticks them in the space between Gus and the lining of the coffin. A MINISTER approaches at that moment.

MINISTER
I think we’re ready to begin.

Hazel nods and walks back to her parents, taking her seat in the middle of the room.

MINISTER
Augustus Waters fought hard for many years. His battle was a courageous one and his strength was a source of inspiration for each and every one of us...

Hazel frowns. This is all such bullshit. And she hears:

MALE VOICE
What a load of shit, eh kid?

Hazel recognizes that voice. But it doesn’t make sense. She turns around and, sure enough, it’s Peter Van Houten.
MINISTER
Let us pray.

Everyone clasps their hands, closes their eyes. Hazel keeps staring at Van Houten, too shocked to do a thing.

VAN HOUTEN
We need to fake pray now.

Van Houten bows his head. Hazel, still stunned, slowly turns back to the Minister, trying to make sense of this unexpected appearance.

MINISTER
Now I call on Augustus’s close friend Isaac to say a few words.

Isaac stands, walks up to the podium with someone’s help. Hazel sneaks one more look at Van Houten. Yup, it’s really him. That makes no sense to her. Isaac starts to speak.

ISAAC
Of all the things I’ve lost in my life, this hurts the most.

And Isaac stops talking. It’s unclear if that was the end or if he just can’t go on. He returns to his seat. The Minister walks back up.

MINISTER
And now we’ll hear from Gus’s... special friend Hazel Lancaster.

Hazel stands, walks up to the podium. A few titters in the room at the words “special friend.”

HAZEL
I was his girlfriend.

Some laughter from the crowd. She takes out her notes.

HAZEL
There’s a beautiful quote in Gus’s home that reads “if you want the rainbow, you gotta deal with the rain.”

Hazel continues to speak but we over it, WE HEAR instead:

HAZEL (V.O.)
I didn’t believe a word, of course. But that was ok. Funerals, I’d decided, aren’t for the dead. They’re for the living.

Gus’s Parents, arm in arm, nod along with every word. CUT TO:
EXT CEMETARY - DAY

Everyone is watching Gus’s body be lowered into the ground. Everyone but Hazel. She looks off into the distance.

Off to the side, we see Van Houten, also not watching the burial. He’s watching Hazel. CUT TO:

LATER. Ceremony over, we see Hazel with her parents.

HAZEL
I’ll be fine.

FRANNIE
Are you sure? We can drive you --

HAZEL
No, I’d... I’d like to be alone for a while.

Hazel hugs Mom and Dad, walks alone towards the parking lot. As she gets to the car, Van Houten approaches.

VAN HOUTEN
Could I hitch a ride?

Hazel doesn’t want to help this man.

VAN HOUTEN
Just to the bottom of the hill.

Hazel exhales. Fine. Once they’re both in the car:

HAZEL
How did you even --

VAN HOUTEN
The internet.

HAZEL
And you just... bought a ticket?

VAN HOUTEN
The drinks are free drinks in First Class.

Van Houten removes a FLASK from his coat pocket. Takes a swig. Hazel shakes her head in disgust. Starts driving.

VAN HOUTEN
Omnis Cellula e cellula.

Hazel ignores him.

VAN HOUTEN
Your boy Waters and I corresponded quite a bit in his last --

HAZEL
You read your fan mail now?
I would hardly call him a fan. He despised me. But he was quite insistent I attend his funeral and tell you what became of Anna and her mother. So here I am and that’s your answer: omnis cellula e cellula.

HAZEL
I’m so not in the mood --

VAN HOUTEN
“Life comes from life.”

HAZEL
Goodbye Mr. Van Houten.

VAN HOUTEN
You don’t want an explanation?

HAZEL
Nope. Thanks though. Have a great life.

VAN HOUTEN
You remind me of her.

HAZEL
(beat)
I remind a lot of people of a lot of people.

VAN HOUTEN
She was eight, my daughter. She suffered... beautifully. For so long.

Hazel starts to understand Van Houten - and softens.

HAZEL
She had leukemia? Like Anna?

VAN HOUTEN
Just like her, yes.

HAZEL
Were you married then?

VAN HOUTEN
Not when she died, no. I was insufferable long before Anna, my dear. Grief doesn’t change you, Hazel, it reveals you.

Hazel takes that in.

HAZEL
Well I’m sorry for your loss.
VAN HOUTEN
And I’m sorry for yours. I’m sorry
for everything, for being so rude
to you two, for ruining your trip --

HAZEL
You didn’t ruin our trip, you
asshole. We had an awesome trip.

VAN HOUTEN
Hazel, I’m trying. I’m trying! You
asked me to tell you what happens
and I wish I could do that. I wish
that I could. But I can’t. No one
can. No one knows, Hazel. They
don’t talk to us. Unless...

Van Houten takes out a typed piece of paper. He hands it to
Hazel who grabs it - and immediately crumples it into a ball.

HAZEL
You think I care about that? I
don’t give a shit, Van Houten.

Hazel throws the piece of paper at Van Houten.

HAZEL
You’re a drunk and a jerk and a
failure. And I’d like you to get
out of my car right now so I can go
home and grieve.

VAN HOUTEN
(stunned)
But --

HAZEL
Get out of the car!

Van Houten knows he’s too late. He does as he’s told,
stepping out of the car onto the side of the road. He stands
there as Hazel peels out.

In the rearview mirror, she sees him raise the FLASK, as if
toasting her. She blinks away some tears and drives. CUT TO:

INT HAZEL’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hazel lies in front of the TV. “Top Model” is playing but
she’s lost in her own world. Tears fall from her eyes and she
can’t do anything to stop it. Hazel gets up.

INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hazel sits against the tub on the floor and weeps. Soon
there’s a knock.
HAZEL

(through tears)
Occupada.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Can I come in?

Hazel leans over and unlocks the door. Michael kneels down next to her, putting her head on his shoulder.

Hazel presses her face into his shirt and cries some more. Michael squeezes her tightly. And this time, he doesn’t cry.

MICHAEL
I’m so so sorry.
(beat)
It was a privilege to love him,
though, wasn’t it?

Hazel nods into his shirt. Then looks up at her Dad.

MICHAEL
Gives you an idea how we feel about you.

Michael smiles at Hazel. And he doesn’t cry. Hazel draws strength from him.

EXT ISAAC’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hazel and Isaac have climbed through his open bedroom window. They sit on the roof.

ISAAC
Do you know if it hurt or whatever?

HAZEL
He was really fighting for breath, I guess. He eventually went unconscious, but it seems like, yeah, it wasn’t great or anything. Dying sucks.

ISAAC
(long beat)
It just seems so impossible.

HAZEL
Happens all the time.

ISAAC
Are you angry?

HAZEL
Very.
ISAAC
Me too.
(a few beats)
Gus really loved you, you know.

HAZEL
I know.

ISAAC
He wouldn’t shut up about it.

HAZEL
I know.

ISAAC
It was annoying.

HAZEL
I didn’t find it that annoying.

They sit there in silence a few beats.

ISAAC
Did you read the note or whatever from your author friend?

HAZEL
He is not my friend and -- how do you know about that?

ISAAC
We talked at the cemetery. Said he came all this way to give you that.

HAZEL
Yeah well I’m over it. I never want to read another word of that asshole’s again.

ISAAC
Yeah but he didn’t write it - Gus did.

HAZEL
(stunned)
What?

ISAAC
That’s what he said. Gus had written something, sent it to Van Houten --

Hazel sits up. Her heart is racing.

ISAAC
What?

HAZEL
I... I have to go. I... Are you...?
ISAAC
I do it all the time. Go.

As quickly as possible Hazel leaves. Isaac stays behind, enjoying the cool night. A new day is coming.

INT/ EXT HAZEL’S CAR – DAY

Hazel is inside the car, rummaging crazily through the trash in an effort to find what Van Houten gave her. She’s about to give up when she sees it - crumpled up into a ball beneath the passenger’s seat. She reaches under, pulls it up, and unwraps it. As she reads, WE HEAR:

GUS’S VOICE
Mr. Van Houten, I’m a good person but a shitty writer. You’re a shitty person but a good writer. We’d make a good team. I don’t want to ask you any favors but if you have the time, and from what I saw you have plenty, please fix this for me. It’s a eulogy for Hazel.

Hazel is overcome with emotion.

GUS’S VOICE
She asked me to write one and I’m trying, I just, I could use a little flair. See the thing is... we all want to be remembered.

She smiles to herself, remembering:

- That first time Gus and Hazel ran into each other.
- The staring contest in Support Group.

GUS’S VOICE
We all want to leave a mark.

- Driving (badly) in Gus’s car.
- Their first kiss at the picnic by “Funky Bones.”

GUS’S VOICE
But not Hazel. Hazel is different. Hazel knows the truth. She didn’t want a million admirers, she just wanted one. And she got it. Maybe she wasn’t loved widely but she was loved deeply. And isn’t that more than most of us get?

- And BACK TO HAZEL reading the letter, tears in her eyes.

GUS’S VOICE
When Hazel was sick, I knew I was dying. But I didn’t want to say so.
INT ICU - FLASHBACK

Gus stealthily sneaks into Hazel’s single room in the ICU. She sleeps. He kneels by her side.

GUS’S VOICE
She was in ICU and I snuck in for ten minutes and sat with her before I got caught. Her eyes were closed, her lungs were intubated...

Gus takes her hand and holds it.

GUS’S VOICE
... but her hands were still her hands, still warm, and the nails painted this dark blue back color and I just held her hands and I willed myself to imagine a world without us and what a worthless world that would be.

- AND BACK TO HAZEL reading the letter. She never knew that story, never knew he was there. CUT TO:

EXT HAZEL’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Hazel walks out to the grass behind her house, the oxygen tank dragging behind her. She lays down on the grass and looks up at the stars - the same IMAGE that opened the movie.

GUS’S VOICE
She’s so beautiful. You don’t get tired of looking at her. You never worry if she’s smarter than you cause you know she is. She’s funny without ever being mean.

She remembers:
- The magical dinner at Oranjee.
- The bench in which they sat overlooking the water.
- The passionate kiss in Anne Frank’s house.
- Falling onto the bed together.

[All of these are images we saw at the beginning of the movie, only now, we SEE the oxygen tank, we SEE Gus’s leg, we SEE the fumbling and the difficulties etc. They don’t make these images less beautiful. They make them twice as beautiful – because they’re real.]

GUS’S VOICE
I love her, god I love her. I’m so lucky to love her, Van Houten.

(MORE)
You don’t get to choose if you get hurt in this world but you do have a say in who hurts you.

- AND BACK ON Hazel in the grass. She holds the letter to her chest. A single tear falls onto her cheeks.

    GUS’S VOICE
    I like my choices. I hope she likes hers.

Hazel CLOSES HER EYES.

    GUS’S VOICE
    Ok, Hazel Grace?

A beat. Another.

Hazel OPENS HER EYES. And she says to the universe:

    HAZEL
    Ok.

BLACK.